



SEWING8

OR THE PICASSO OF RIPPED SEAMS

In the Sewing Shop, one can try new skills without fear of a bad grade, or ridicule for an unsuccessful project. Before I came to camp, I was a two-time flunk-out in Home Economics. At Buck's Rock, I wanted to succeed in sewing.

I looked through the pattern books enthusiastically and picked a jumper. Later that week, I went to Danbury with Anne and a group of seamstresses. Seeing all the material at the Fabric Shop, I imagined a brown jumper that could have been bought in a store. I chose a brownish denim material.

The excitement still lingered when we returned. I rushed to start, and my high spirits fell. Why didn't anyone tell me that I needed straight seams and other such impossible things? Actually, it's not so impossible. But I always fight with the sewing machine, the thread, and the material. Undoubtedly, they always win.

After ripping and resewing, and reripping, I'm finally convinced the only way I'll ever succeed is if someone makes the jumper for me. Anne insists that I can do it. Just wait till I tangle with the interfacing and haggle with the hem!

At this point, I can see myself at the age of 65 still trying to finish this jumper. By then, potato sack fashions may have come back. I wonder if I'll be able to handle burlap?

Laura Pearle

Clown workshop gives campers the opportunity to enjoy a less informal style of performing. Clowning allows each camper to develop his own style of gestures and movements.

Allan Tuttle and Elmo Chambers, two veteran Ringling Brothers' circus clowns, provided a structured workshop, teaching all necessary basic elements of clowning: juggling, mime, slapstick, improvisation, prop-building, and gag structure. Our camper/clowns discovered that one cannot just slap on a make-up and don a pair of baggy pants, and hope to be an instant success. Learning technique and practicing routines gave them the confidence and competence to perform a full program in league with the mime workshop.

Our clown campers enjoyed combining learning technique, with having a good time in class. They continue to enjoy bringing laughter and merriment to others, while still having a good time themselves.

Frank (Fang) Geshwind and Elmc





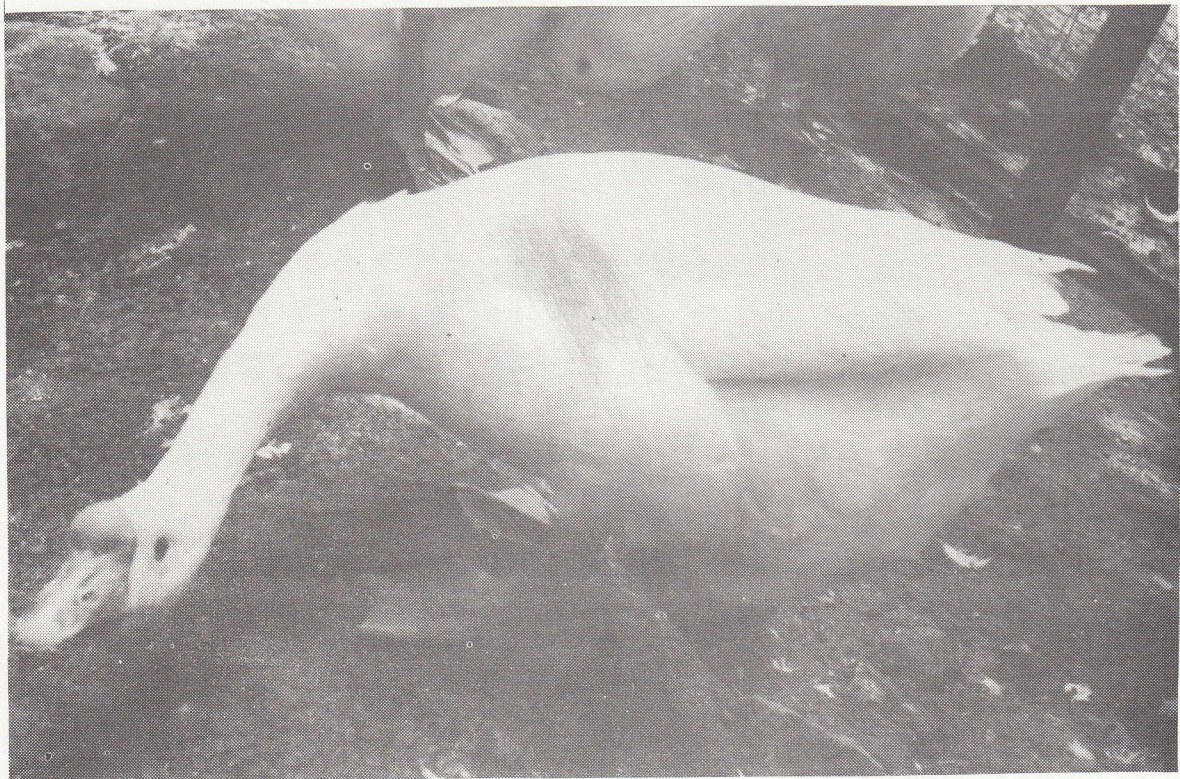
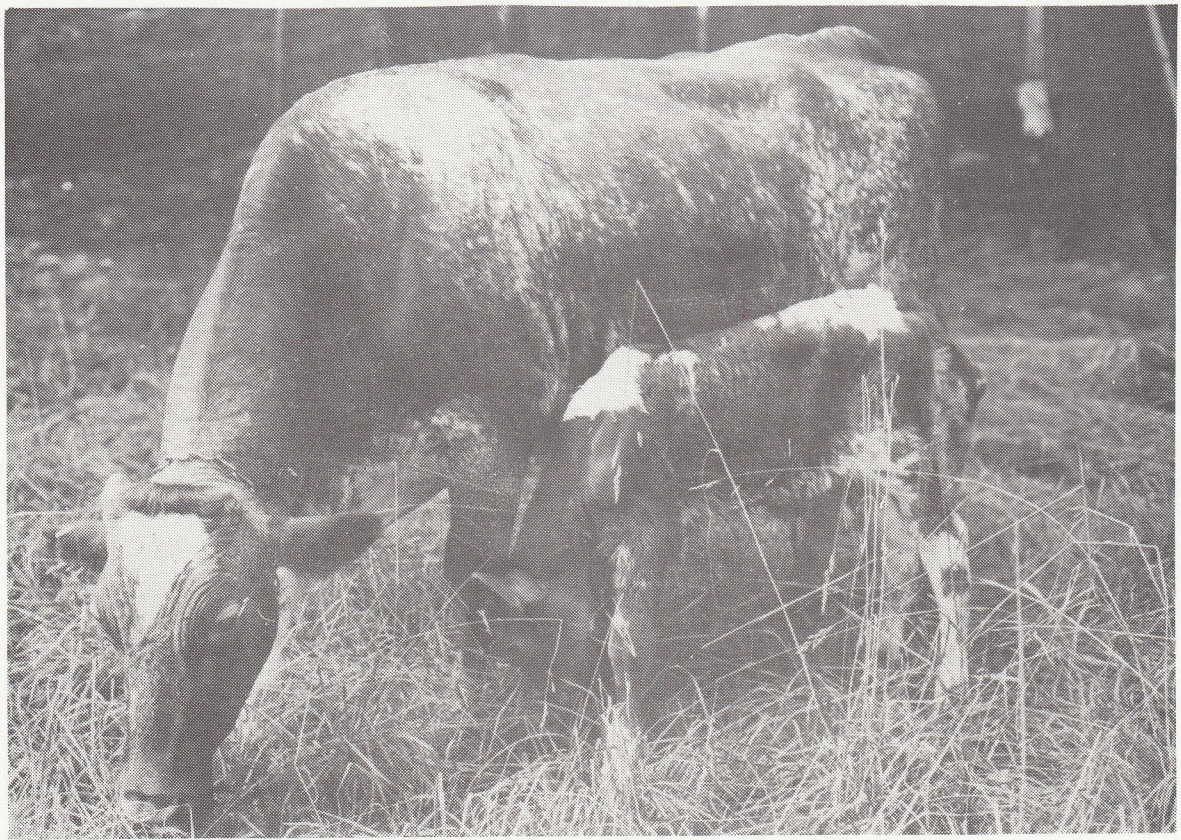
THE RISE OF TROY

Although a calf is born every year at Buck's Rock, it is always exciting to see a half-hour old calf. At first, the calf was thought to be a bull, and thus named Troy. She was born on August 9th, 1978, at 6 o'clock A.M. She weighed about twenty pounds. To everyone's disappointment, no one witnessed the birth. The cow bell wasn't rung until seven o'clock because it was raining, and the mother, Sherman, might have been upset by the noise. The first time Paul, a counselor at the farm, saw the calf was at six thirty. Ernst rode around in his station wagon to tell everyone to go up to the farm.

Melanie Klein had adopted Sherman for the summer. She was extremely excited, although disappointed not to have seen the birth. Melanie and a group of other people had been spending a large part of their time at the farm for many days before the birth.

Thirty-five minutes after Troy was born, she was up and running. Tripping over her feet a few times, but, nonetheless running. Lately, Troy has received the most attention at the farm.

Donna Grossman



RADIO BROADCASTING

I have spent much time at WBBC this year, working on a classical music show, hosting "Good Morning Buck's Rock", and being involved in documentaries, specials, and radio plays. I spent some time speaking to Bruce Longstreet, counselor at WBBC, about his views on radio broadcasting and WBBC.

Bruce is an engineer and announcer on a commercial radio station in New Jersey during the winter, and he had some fascinating comments about the radio voice of Buck's Rock. Bruce feels, and I am in complete concurrence, that the main function of our radio station is to give campers a background in radio broadcasting.

"Working here will not prepare anyone to go out and seek a job with a commercial station. It will, however, give them a feel for the medium, and may give them a jump over other people, if they decide to get involved in radio work in college." Bruce continued, "Our programming is rather primitive, and we have no real research source for news or documentaries, but it still conveys a taste of real radio work. It may all seem very easy to the observer looking through the window into the engineer's or announcer's booth, but once you are inside, that feeling disappears."

Bruce also feels that work at BBC exposes many kids to previously shut out aspects of music and life. Many people came to camp never having read past the television page in THE NEW YORK TIMES, and working on the BBC news staff has sparked an interest in the outside world, and the news business itself. This also applies in music. Many people came to camp with the attitude that they knew what they liked and could not be swayed. They considered

RADIO BROADCASTING

all other kinds of music to be unimportant. Many people who came, convinced that rock was the only music worth listening to, have left listening to jazz and classical music.

I have been involved at BBC for three years, and I have noticed a great deal of changes, particularly from last year to this year. I asked Bruce about this, and he replied with the same examples I had thought of. "Last year, when kids did news stories, they would read verbatim from the TIMES. Often, documentaries were straight from the pages of CUE magazine. We have no wire service, nor reporters, nor research staff, but this year kids wrote their own documentaries and news shows. That is just as important a part of broadcasting as actually speaking into the mike, and should not be omitted from our set up."

As a closing note, Bruce told me something I have known for years. Working at BBC may not seem as artistic or creative to the casual onlooker, as painting a scene in art, or writing a poem in Pub, but in reality, there is just as much self-expression involved. And, it goes without saying, the kids have just as much fun!

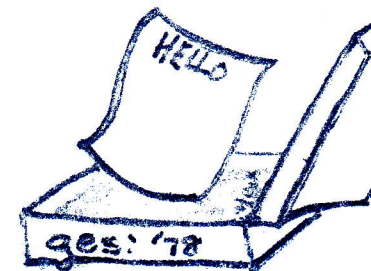
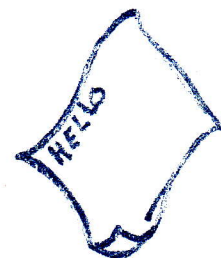
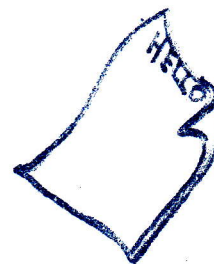
Daniel Grossman

THE PRINT SHOP '78

Although the Print Shop isn't as publicized as much as some other shops (the Pub Shop, for example), it is undoubtedly one of the most popular shops at Buck's Rock. Every morning and afternoon, there are people waiting at the shop before the work gong, so they can be sure to get one of the shop's four letter presses.

The type setters begin by choosing the type face they wish to use on their stationery. After they finish setting type, a counselor, or one of the C.I.T.I.T.'s set them up on a press. The C.I.T.I.T.'s (Counselors-In-Training-In-Training) are myself and five other campers who took a liking to the shop at the beginning of the summer, passed a training course and exam, and are qualified to set campers up on the presses. Since there are no C.I.T.'s, the C.I.T.I.T.'s are rather necessary for the shop to run smoothly.

The setting up of a press involves inking it, and taking a series of impressions which determine whether the pressure is too light or too heavy. Screws on the bottom of the press are then tightened to even out the pressure. Then, three pins are set to place the impression on the desired position on the paper. Many campers choose to raise their stationery to give it a glossy appearance. One dusts the print with a raising powder that melts and expands when exposed to a high level of heat. There is a machine which is basically like an oven with a moving belt running through it. The paper is placed on this belt after it has been dusted with the powder, and it "raises." There are also many colors of ink from which to choose.



Campers have printed gifts for friends and relatives, Bar Mitzvah and wedding invitations, and cards for businesses they may later develop, or already have. For example, a camper printed stationery and cards for a photography business he later started. Some other possible projects are calling cards, bumper stickers, informals, and pads.

All in all, Buck's Rock and the Print Shop have helped make this summer a memorable one for me.

Danny Holt

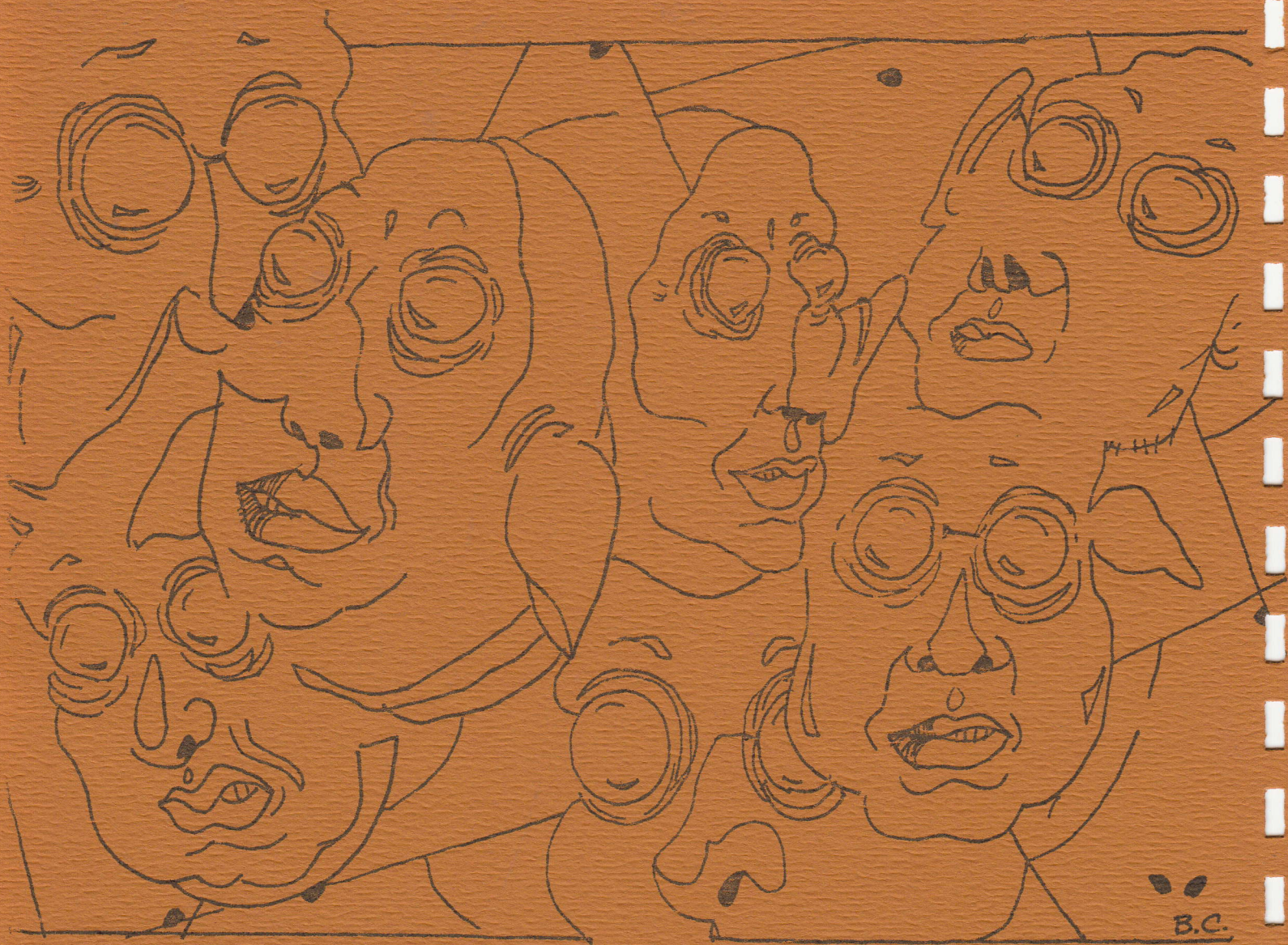
PROCESSED MUD

A mound of processed mud slumps dully in front of me on the revolving disc at my knees. I stare at it, the white pail of water at my right and the clay tools on my left. I dip the sponge in the pail, pull it out, and squeeze it into the glob in front of me.

I pull my foot back and give the wheel a hard kick. The cement rotator is heavy and takes time to start spinning. Now my creation begins. I torture, squeeze, raise, push, lower, choke, drown, and finally it is centered.

I begin my thumb dive. My brain gives orders: thumbs together, hug the clay, ready, set, GO! Push down, down, down, STOP! I mustn't go too far. Stop the wheel, check depth, and start to bring out. Then raise, shape, pull, push, experiment. Stop to look and admire.

Robin Pogrebin



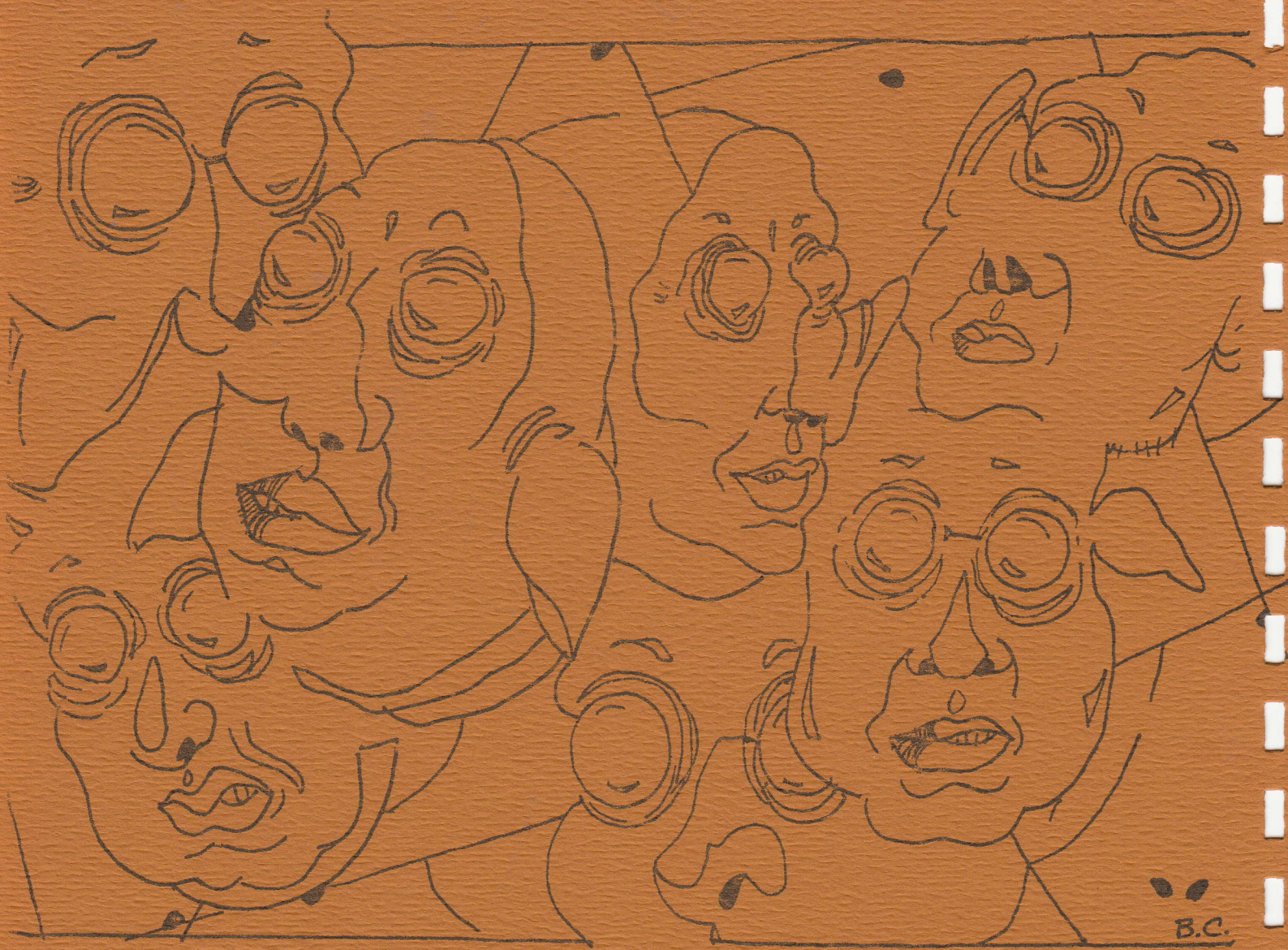
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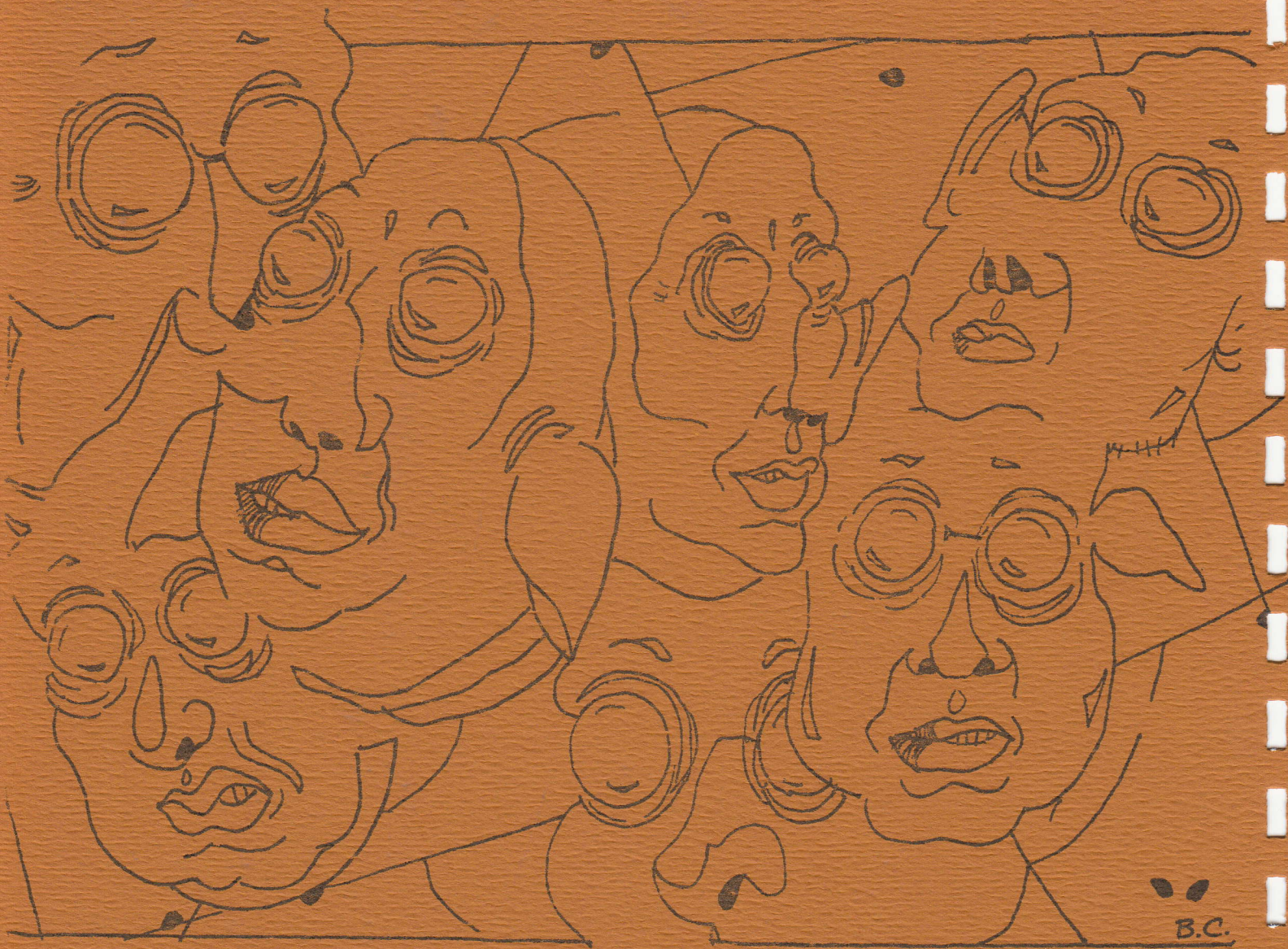
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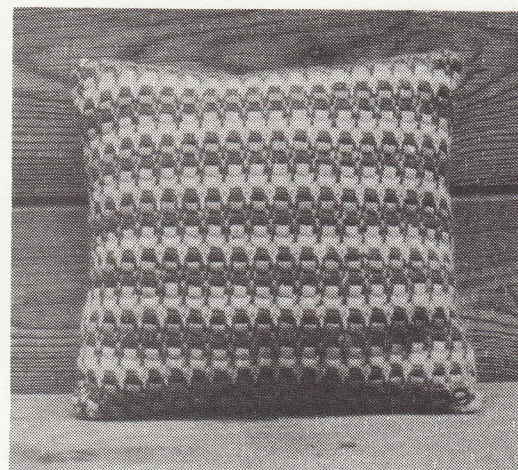
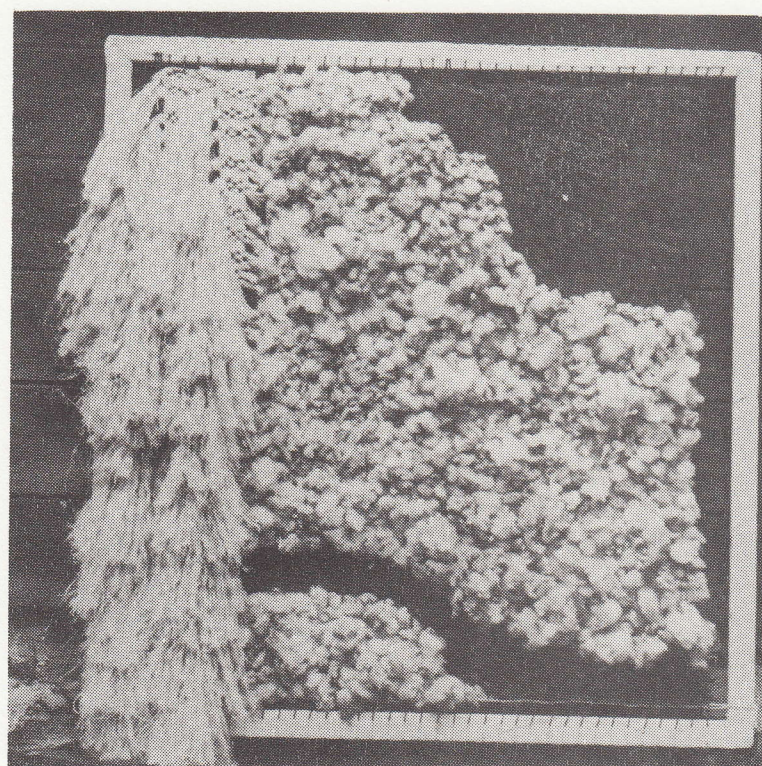
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WOODY
ENERGETIC
AMBITIOUS
VENGEFUL
INSANE
NEVERLASTING
GRAND

In exchange for a place to sleep, the Weaving studio's looms - Hercules, Cleo, Sweetheart, Nephro, Weaver, Fatima, Jennifer, Amelia, Doc, Happy, Bashful, Grumpy, Sleepy, and Dopey allow themselves to be warped, beaten, and have their heddles and carcasses moved. Most of the looms put up with these activities because they usually have rich and colorful rugs, blankets, scarves, or tapestries covering them. Other looms, however, feel that they are getting the short end of the string, and express their feelings by breaking it. Some of the looms are privileged enough to have tables on which to sleep, but others must spend their days and nights on the floor. To compensate for this, it is the floor looms that are warmed by blankets.

The looms are not the only creatures who reside in the Weaving Studio. There are also vanishing tape measures, needles and scissors, undependable ball and bobbin winders, canvas for needlepoint, bargello, punch-rugs, cards, a fascinating, but at first, discouraging spinning wheel, drop spindles, and, most importantly, the multi-colored and oddly textured yarns. The above mentioned beings pay their rent in a manner similar to that of the looms; many days of hard labor.



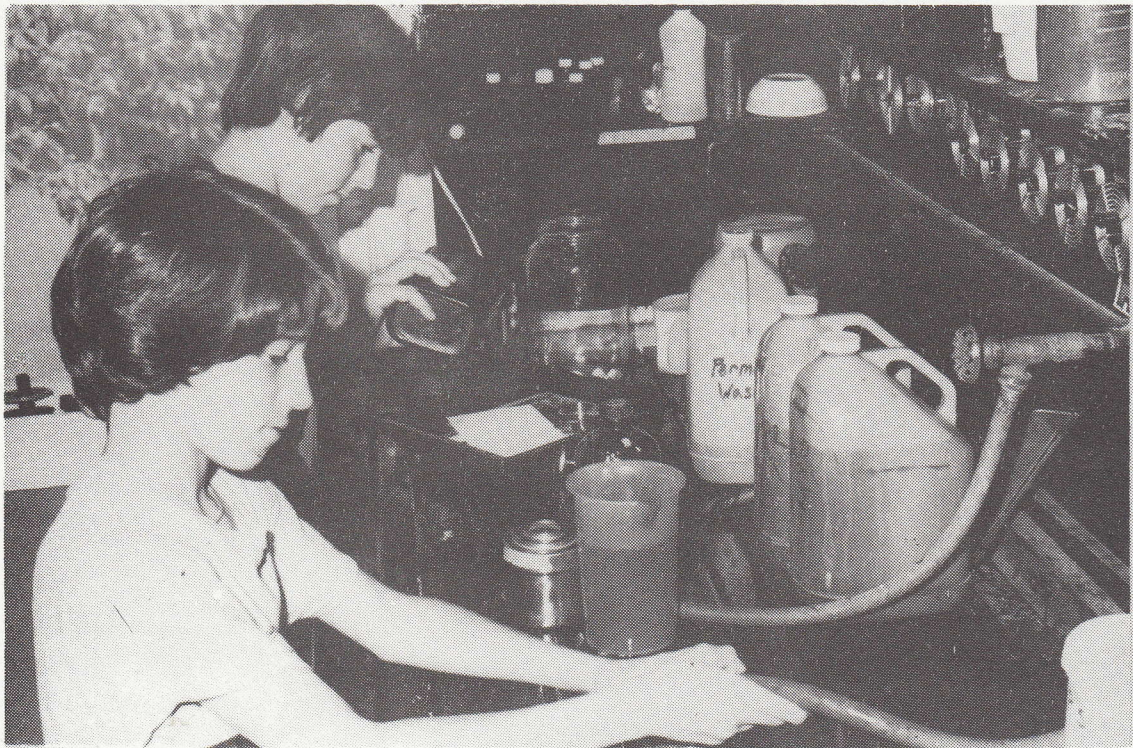
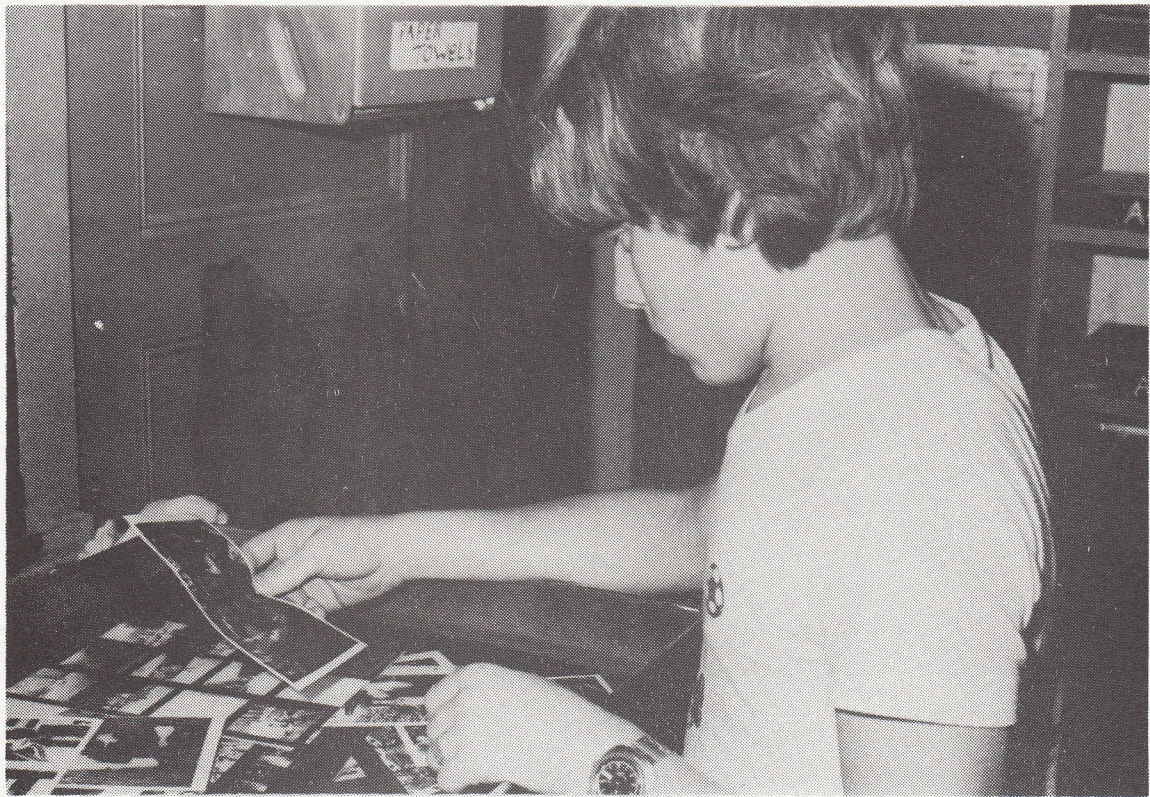
The other boarders - the pillows, rugs, blankets, bags, articles of clothing, tapestries, punch-rugs, coasters, placemats, wall-hangings, and inkle-belts - have a different sort of rent arrangement. Instead of paying it themselves, it is paid to them - in the form of compliments.

The staff consists of the C.I.T.'s: Jane, the weaver, Jennifer, the sweeper, Nancy, the coiler, and Doug, the talker. The counselors are Phyllis, the part-time needlepoint and bargello expert; Claudia, the other part-time counselor; Jay, the J.C., who has acquired a fondness for the area beneath the porch; and Ruth and Barbara, who threatened to damage one of my arms (they couldn't agree upon which one), if I publicized any of the true, but not flattering things that go on in the Weaving Studio.

Out on the porch, the landlords (campers and counselors) weave, card, spin, punch, inkle, bargello, needlepoint, talk, scream for help, and arg' about the radio. Within the shop, we work on floor and table looms, panic over moths, bees, and loom deadlines, and contribute to the general hectic, amiable, and often hysterical atmosphere of Weaving 1978.

Nina Katz





THE GREAT PHOTO LAB

When I first walked into the Photo Lab, I found a small, cramped shop, with many people working. I entered the darkroom and found four enlargers being used. I walked back into the light section of the lab and was taught how to use a camera. This was my start as a Photo Lab groupie.

When I came back this year, I found basically the same crazy staff, and a few new C.I.T's. I also came back with a camera of my own, and began taking pictures for the Summer Theatre and for the yearbook.

The Photo Lab does mainly black and white, but also some color work. They develop color slides with the E-6 process, and then make cibachrome prints out of the slides.

One of the other things that the Photo Lab does is sponsor weekly photo contests. This year's included Faces and Places, Pictures for Postcards, and Textures and Patterns, in which I won third place. The shop's counselors show the movies on the lawn, produce the camp film, and take the Great Photo.

George Farmer

I remember it was a hot muggy day. Lionel's truck was parked by the ping pong tables and I told him I would like to help build the main construction project for the summer, the cow shed. He told me to get into his truck. Lionel went speeding down the road, and the truck rattled the whole way. (I promised myself I would never get in that truck again). Before I knew it, I was at the animal farm.

When we got there, Lionel showed us the area where we would build, and the ground was covered with weeds and cow manure (Moo-Goo). I didn't think he was capable of teaching us how to build a doll house, let alone a cow shed, but I was proven wrong. By the end of the day, we cleared the area. The next morning we leveled the ground, and began to lay the concrete.

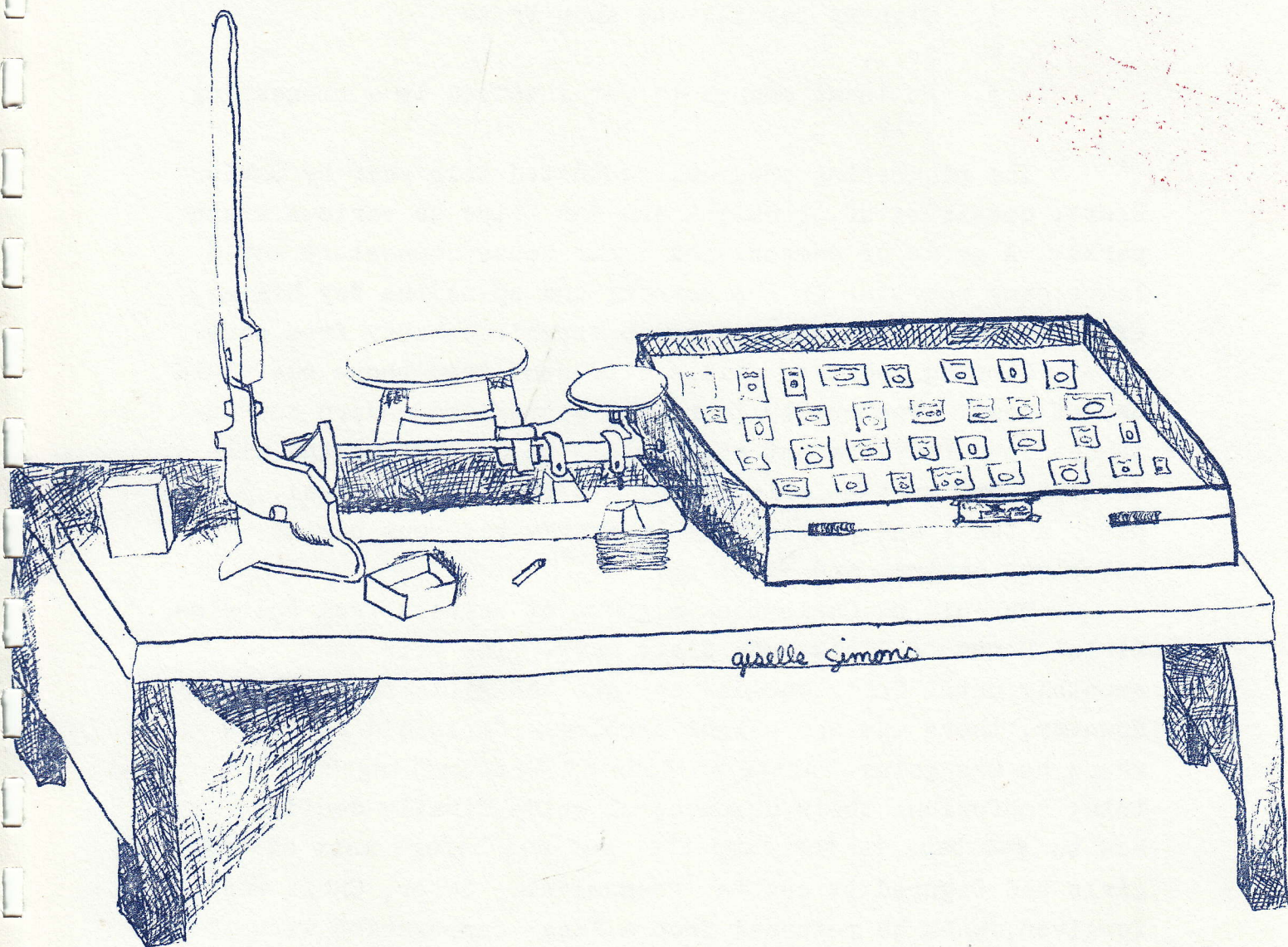
I didn't come back for another week because I got involved in a project at the Wood Shop. When I did return, I found the skeleton of four walls. I had my doubts it would even get this far. We started nailing in the rafters and we had to level out every one we put in. Lionel supervised us, but we did all the work. He would tell us what size the wood should be, and we cut it. He showed us how to nail in the wood, and we nailed it. I wanted to help out as much as possible. Each day we got more, and more done. Nail after nail, beam after beam, it started to take shape.

I was glad I participated in the cow shed creation. Lionel says the building will last hundreds of years. That's a lot of Moo-Goo!

Gary Walowitz

I personally am attracted to silver because I am intrigued with the medium. I find it easy to work with, yet always challenging.

Karen Zilversmit





COME PIONEERING

Kerry Brand

There are several ways to leave Buck's Rock:

1. Have your parents come get you.
2. Take a long, painful walk into New Milford.
3. Sign up for all the shop trips.
4. Or...
5. Be lucky enough to get involved in a pioneering trip.

The pioneering program, conducted this year by Chris Clott, consisted of overnight and day trips to various state parks. A group of campers and their house counselors would leave camp sometime in the morning and spend the day hiking, exploring, and simply enjoying an experience away from camp.

Camping requires skills different from those one would use at home. One really learns to appreciate modern conveniences when they are not available. To survive in the wilderness, one must be able to build a fire, cook a meal, pitch a tent, and participate in fairly rigorous hiking, rock climbing, caving, and canoeing.

On July 6, Chris took a group of campers from Upstairs Girls' House to Black Rock State Park. The trip went smoothly until Chris decided to take the girls on a hike. However, there was one slight problem. Chris did not know where he was going.¹ After an hour of "bushwacking"² in total confusion, their resourceful guide finally decided how to get back to the campsite, but not before most of the girls had figured it out for themselves. Later, Chris was forgiven, when he returned from a local supermarket with "somores." This time, he took a compass.

1. Note for further use: an important piece of equipment to use when hiking is a compass.
2. Bushwacking: one accustomed to beating or travelling through bushes applied specifically to certain confederate guerrillas in The Civil War.



When I first set foot in the Costume Shop, I felt I was entering a fairy land. With approximately 1250 garments of all colors, sizes, and styles, the need to make a new costume is hard to imagine. For Thieve's Carnival, most of the outfits had to be made specifically for that production.

That first day I remember the counselor told me that help was always needed. I could do anything from cutting out fire flames, to searching through boxes to find enough black socks for the firemen, to sewing seams, for this year's production, The Firebugs. Occasionally, we use the facilities of another shop. The firemen's ponchos were batiked in the Fabric Design Shop.

Sometimes, a costume may be taken and used directly from the storeroom. Other times, alterations are made depending on the particular play, the character's personality, and the size of the actor or actress.

The wardrobe crew is another essential part of the Costume Shop. As part of this crew, I had to check to see that everyone in the cast had his costume on properly before a performance. This was nerve racking for me because I knew that soon a number of people would be counting on my ability to change costumes quickly. I found it exciting to change a lawyer in Child Buyer from a dress to a skirt and jacket in less than one minute. After the change, I quietly went back to the Costume Shop to see if anyone else needed help and to congratulate others for a good performance.

Thanks to the shop's counselors, Caroline, Jenny and

Rochelle, and my experiences in the Costume Shop, this has been one of the most pleasurable summers I've ever had at Buck's Rock.

Dina Steinberg







FOR A SONG

I spend many hours every day listening to rock music. After hearing the first few chords, I can identify the title and composer of almost any song. Being a Disc Jockey for WBBC was ideal for me; it enabled me to stay close to the music I like so much. I wanted to go to WBBC last year, but I never built up enough confidence to even talk to the people at the radio station. It took me a year to build up this self assurance and I still feel a little nervous before I go on the air.

Contrary to popular belief, being a radio announcer is strenuous. It requires a clear and expressive voice, as well as the ability to talk to the microphone, an inanimate object. Playing the music people want to hear, and still communicating with a varied audience, is necessary for a good radio program. If the deejay plays unpopular music, the listeners will switch to a rival station.

My first show was a rather terrifying experience. By the time the engineer cued me, I was biting my nails to the skin. I announced the songs I had just played, the name of the song that was about to be played, and pointed my index finger towards the engineer. When he turned the record, I realized that I had played the wrong song. I slumped down in my chair and pondered on getting out of that mess. Apologizing was out: I knew one should never apologize on the air. The listener expects an element of authority as well as theatrics. If the deejay apologizes, the listener may be disillusioned. I considered just letting the incident slip by, but I didn't want my reputation to be

marred; imagine Diane Gottfried saying the wrong name for a song! I finally decided to go on, pretending nothing had happened. I had faced, and overcome my first radio disaster, and was rather pleased with the way I had handled the situation.

Years from now, music might not be as important in my life as it is at the present. Being a radio announcer may no longer interest me. However, no matter what I do, I will be glad I had the opportunity to work at WBBC. The technical knowledge acquired may not help me in the future, but I know that the fun I've had and the confidence I've gained will help me in whatever I endeavor.

Diane Gottfried

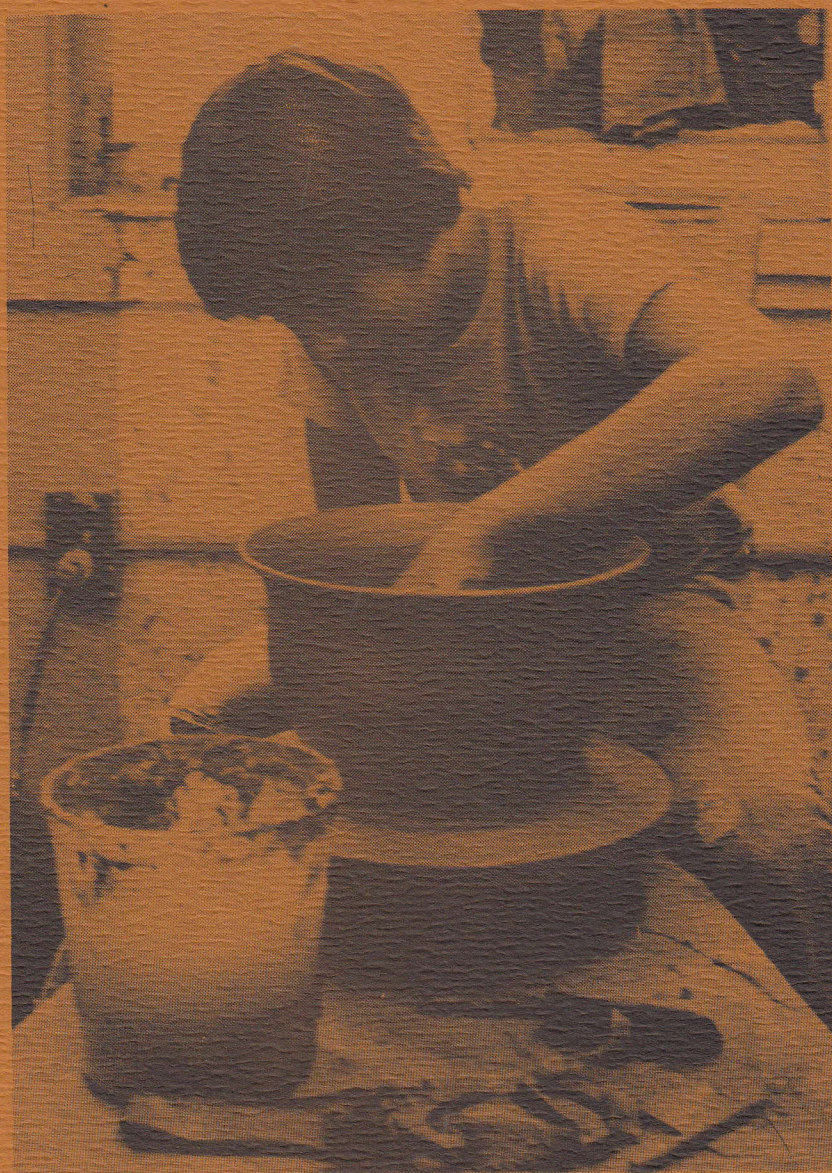




TRADITIONAL

Well, I don't know what you guys like to do with your yearbook, but what I do is wait for a cold rainy night sometime around late fall, you know, when you just can't get warm and there are a million things you really should be doing. I wrap myself up in my quilt with some graham crackers nearby and take my yearbook down from the shelf. I read and smile to myself, eat a cracker and read some more. In the midst of snow and school and everyday living, it sometimes feels like it never happened, but folks, it sure did and here are some things to help you remember and make you smile. And that's what a yearbook's all about, right? So, brought to you by the talented Folk Music Department and its many friends, do you remember...

Singing the "Johnson Boys" in twenty part harmony... it's ten o'clock and time for a lesson-- do you know where your teacher is?...learning to play the plastic spoons on the bus...dancing around the stage at Hank and George's concert..."he certainly was a travellin' man"... "Mr. Bill! Mr. Bill!"..."don't throw your junk in my backyard"... Leslie singing "Teenager in love"...the Evan Stein memorial Irish music jam in Robbie's bus...Simon's limerick at the bawdy songs workshop...so I said, "Reverend Davis?" and he said. "Roy?"..."What do you do with a Danny Scherer oor-lye in the morning"..."to stop the train in cases of emergency"... Blind Reverend Missipippi Jim doing the blues..."happy birthday dear Buck's Rock camper"...Rick, Lorraine and Winnie singing "This is a song for all good people"...Robbie's song for Adam..."oh, oh I forgot my lesson again"...getting Jim to take his hair down...maledictum to you if you can't take a joke...the Wesleyan Folk Festival..."Hey,



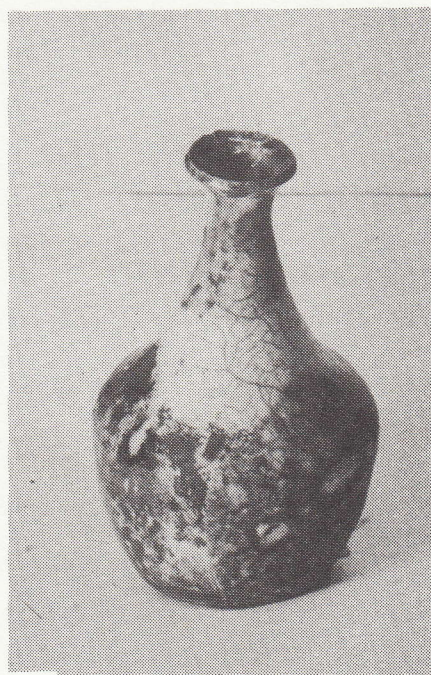
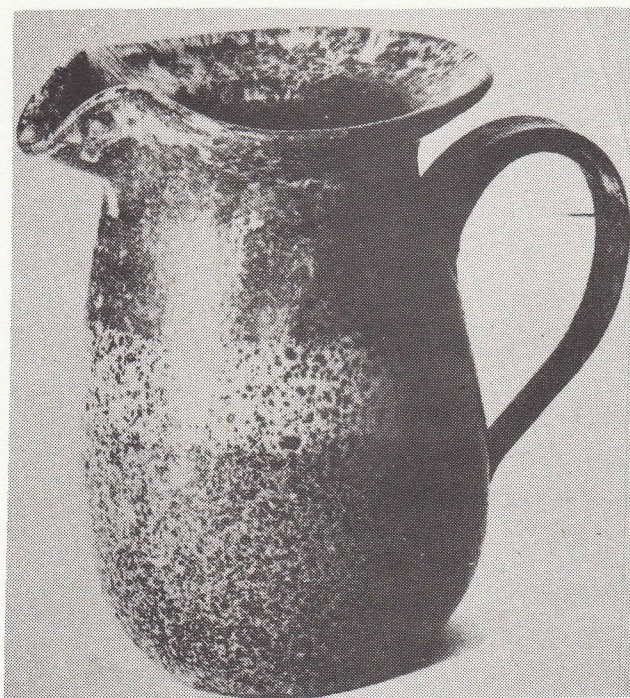
COLLECTION

HERE IS A COLLECTION OF WORK
WHICH IS EXEMPLARY IN ITS QUALITY AND
DIVERSITY. THESE PEOPLE HAVE DEVOTED
MUCH TIME AND EFFORT TO THE DEVELOPMENT
OF THEIR ART. WE SHARE WITH YOU THE
ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THEIR SUMMER.

IT IS GREAT TO TAKE A BALL OF CLAY AND SHAPE IT INTO A POT.
MAKING POTTERY AND BECOMING SKILLED AT AN ANCIENT CRAFT IS CHALLENGING
TO ME. GLAZING A POT IS AN EXCITING PROCESS BECAUSE OF THE ELEMENT
OF SURPRISE. WHEN I PUT A SKIN ON ONE OF MY PIECES I AM NEVER QUITE
SURE HOW IT WILL TURN OUT. THE SLIGHTEST CHANGE OF TEMPERATURE IN
THE KILN WILL AFFECT THE COLOR AND TEXTURE OF THE GLAZE.

MY POTS ARE ALL VARIATIONS ON THE CYLINDER. SEEING OTHER
PEOPLE'S WORK HAS INSPIRED ME AND GIVEN ME IDEAS FOR MY OWN POTS.
IN THE FUTURE I WOULD LIKE TO BE MORE EXPERIMENTAL AND DARING. NOW I
AM WORKING ON MY BASIC SKILLS AS A POTTER.

Larry Siegel



Calligraphy is an ancient art form. The word calligraphy comes from the Greek word kalligraphia which means 'beautiful letters.' In medieval times, calligraphy flourished and played a major part in monasteries

where it was used by monks to illuminate prayers and bibles.

I started writing calligraphy two years ago when my mother bought me an italic pen set as a gift. I bought a book of scripts and soon began to experiment in different

letter styles. To write each letter was difficult because correct proportions and specific pen-widths and styles are essential. Memorizing the style of an alphabet is necessary to write in a flowing hand because constant ref-

erence to models in a book can
destroy the grace of the lines.

Calligraphy is a dying
art. There is so much history
behind the evolution of letter
forms that countless books
have been written on the subject.
Yet, very few people learn cal-

ligraphy today , preferring modern typewriters with interchangeable type. I like figuring out the strokes of a letter and, after days of practice, being able to form it correctly. People appreciate the beauty and personal care of handwritten

lettering.

This past winter I was
in an art store and read this
note on a tester pad,

"Calligraphy
is the dance
of the pen."

Erica Pochaczewsky

ARTIST'S STATEMENT

I write about the color grey, moss agates, seals, hamsters, monks, and abused children. Sometimes You or I enter into my poems. I don't like writing about nature because I'm scared of being unoriginal. My hesitations are very limiting, but they effectively keep me from writing to flowers and trees. I use nature images to reflect other ideas, as a wall for my abstractions to bounce off. I usually don't sit down and write a poem. I just scribble the things I see in my head onto my palm. Sometimes, at the end of a day my hand will be illegible because of all the different colors. Feeling radical, this year I bought a small, maroon, blank book. Now I furtively write in it, but the storing of thoughts and images for a long time isn't a good system for me. I lose the feelings about the phrases I have written down. I thought about writing a poem about the faces in daguerreotypes, people's dead faces, but the idea is stale.

I love poems because, unlike the essays I've had to write in school, they are not only a manipulation of ideas, but a song of thoughts. ...I saw a blind, black man with a face like Fats Wallers' miming a piano player, playing an oxygen piano on the street, having a great time.... That is more a poem than a paragraph. I couldn't speak of an "oxygen piano" in an expository essay.

I began writing poems when I was eleven. Relative to my age, the topics were very awesome and abstract. I wonder why I wasn't scared of attacking them. I would be now. Slowly my poems have gotten more specific. If I write about huge, general topics such as love, hate, or death, I try to express them tangibly, to break them down into situations. I love very few poets, but I like a great many. It is a bit pretentious to speak of poets who have influenced me. I don't mimic the poets I love; I hoard their work in my head. The poets I admire are Donne, Blake, Yeats, Millay, Amy Lowell, Mew, and Roethke. One of my favorite poets is my friend Cybele.

In school, there is no emphasis, as yet, on writing poetry. The reading and writing of poetry should be done simultaneously, so that by imitating other people's styles, one is less intimidated by the poet's brilliance. There is little poetry written in school because of a lack of stimulus. Many seem to think writing is a privilege only to be accorded to those good and old. For me, poetry is not a highbrow, exclusive way of writing; it is a lucid record.

This summer Eva held workshops on contemporary poets including Charles Simic, Bill Knott, Pablo Neruda, James Wright, Theodore Roethke. We not only read and discussed poems, but also studied how the mechanics of poetry work to express and develop a theme. Eva's workshops were an extension and application of her ideas and criticisms. She suggested that I be more specific, supplement my generalizations with images, and use words sparingly. I realized that if I use concrete images instead of abstract ideas,

I would let the reader see what I meant. If I write, "Love is beautiful" and never get more specific, the reader is not involved. To arrest the reader, I must force myself to come up with original images. The reader should make the revelation the poet had, by the self-same process.

I had thought that contemporary poetry lacked style, but I had read very little. Now I am no longer disdainful of recent poetry because I am more familiar with it. Eva has used it as a guide for my own poems. I realize that part of classical poetry's appeal to me is its structure. The lack of structure in some contemporary poetry is often disconcerting to me. I vacillate between structure and free verse. Eventually, I want to experiment with all kinds of poetry. I want to be a poet continually changing.

Rachel Eisler

ODE TO GERALDINE

Fat and grey
Geraldine in a wicker basket,
Small cheeks stuffed and complacent
Looking like a misplaced dusty cotton ball,
Rose nose twitching.

Geraldine was a hamster reduced
From 3.95 to 2.50
Imagine, a bargain baby!
Geraldine sleeps, tummy bloated
Like Theodore's meadow mouse.

THIRD SURVIVOR

A generation equals one survivor.

Diluted pain, a hot liquid shot with shards of ice.
Remembrances of horror repeating
Passed from survivor to second survivor.

A badly wrapped bundle of hate, too prickly.
Nothing known of it but anguish. You lower your rib cage
Pressing your hip's bones. Yellow and tight.
The mystery the first survivor endured
distorts the third survivor's understanding.

Brands for catalogued relics
Camouflaged by fresh tissue;
Or skin, scabbed, awful tattoos refuse to heal.
Reminding others to pray
That unclean soap will be an effective purge.

The numbers numb minds.

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LOT

Marsh grass in a junked lot.

Rustles. Refrigerators without doors gape.

Dunes of husks crawl

And erode on 90th Street.

Window with a fishshaped cut;

Wind insinuating coyly through.

Carriages of early phantoms collide and pass,

But scraps of worn fabric wave.

Street fossils, concrete depressions:

Bag lady burdens.

WATER & SKY

Seals swim such distances.
The sky: seals crooning, bumping.
Seals with a destination,
bums, slowly revolving.

At the zoo, seals are water.
Grey green, tossing, wave nosing.
I throw some bread toward the sky,
hoping to see a whiskered snout.
The bread hits me on the nose.

Rachel Eisler

THE MONASTERY

The apartment walls are grey.
Elevator men's grunts and comments
Echo monks' chants and prayers.
Uniforms, holy vestments of the clergy;
Bars on windows, vows upon secular souls.

I ring the bell.
The door opens, a monk nods,
I confess futility and complacency
In my two guilt-tinged tales:
Hello. Goodbye.

THE UNIVERSITY OF

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

JANUARY 1, 1900

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONER OF

THE DEPARTMENT OF

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

FOR THE YEAR 1899

ALBANY:

WILLIAM B. EDELL

PRINTERS

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MY POETRY HAS DEVELOPED A GREAT DEAL THIS SUMMER. BEFORE I BEGAN WORKING WITH EVA, ONE OF THE LITERARY COUNSELORS AT THE PUB SHOP, AND OUR RESIDENT POET, MY POEMS WERE VERY VAGUE AND UNSPECIFIC, AND MY EMPLOYMENT OF IMAGES NOT VERY REFINED.

NOW, THE USE OF IMAGERY IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF MY WRITING. THERE WAS A POINT, HOWEVER, AT WHICH I WAS AFRAID THAT MY POEMS WERE NOTHING BUT IMAGES. I DO NOT WANT TO WRITE "MESSAGE POEMS", BUT DO WANT TO CONVEY EMOTIONS AND SITUATIONS.

I HAD NEVER BEEN EXPOSED TO CONTEMPORARY POETRY. I HAVE READ AND LOVED THE CLASSICAL POETS FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER; PEOPLE LIKE DONNE AND SHAKESPEARE, BECAUSE OF MY EXPOSURE TO TRADITIONAL POETRY, WHICH HAS A RHYMED AND METERED PATTERN, MY WORK WAS VERY RIGID AND INFLEXIBLE. I PLACED GREAT IMPORTANCE ON MAKING SURE THAT LINES AND STANZAS WERE OF EQUAL LENGTH, THAT LINES BEGAN WITH CAPITAL LETTERS, AND EVEN WROTE SOME POEMS IN METER. EVA SHOWED ME THAT THESE THINGS COULD BE EXPERIMENTED WITH, AND I HAVE BECOME MUCH MORE FLEXIBLE IN MY WORK.

WRITING POETRY IS VERY IMPORTANT TO ME. I FIND WRITING TO BE AN EXCELLENT FORM OF EXPRESSION, BOTH OF FEELING AND EVENTS. I HAVE LEARNED A GREAT DEAL ABOUT MYSELF THROUGH POETRY. I OWE A GOOD PORTION OF THIS TO EVA, WHOM I WILL ALWAYS CONSIDER MY FIRST TEACHER OF POETRY.

Dan Gorman

MINOR TRANSGRESSION

He thought it went unnoticed;
a minor transgression. But no.

Open mouths breathe fire,
tears roll like heads.

His father misses
nothing. Nothing.

The fuse ignited, hatred runs,
the plate flies across the room

breaking into little pieces,
like him.

Daniel Grossman

REPRINTED FROM BUCK'S ROCK REVIEW

[illegible]

TINTYPE IMAGE

As the sun passes behind a cloud,
she becomes a negative.

The tintype image
shines through the dust.

She sits in her rocker.
Lace shawl and grey hair.

Stiff,
a small smile.

The lace that touched the warm skin
now rests against a tin sheet.

The mirror surface reflects
the face of now faceless dust.

Daniel Grossman

EVENING ACTIVITY

Mud hangs in front of my face,
darkening the room,
burning my eyes.

The bedposts, steelblack, drip
to blobs on the dirty floor.

My skin, like a mirror after a hot shower.
Cold, wet, numb.

I lie back against my pillow,
shoulders melting
into goose down.

I fall asleep,
eyeballs floating in salt water.
My cheeks massaged by tears' tiny fingers.

Daniel Grossman

CYCLIST

The wheel spins:
a ferris wheel of air.
The orange reflector, a pinwheel in the wind.

The chain chomps
on metal fingers
circling the dirty sneakers.

The piston seat
jumps
in excitement.

The green road sign, a slice of the sky;
its rhinestone letters telling him
he is alone.

Daniel Grossman

BEATRIX POTTER ONCE SAID, "I WRITE TO PLEASE MYSELF."
I TOO, WRITE TO PLEASE MYSELF, AS ANY WRITER MUST IN ORDER
TO PRODUCE ANYTHING WORTH READING. WRITING CANNOT BE FORCED;
IT MUST RATHER ARRIVE ON ITS OWN AND DECIDE TO HAPPEN.

WHEN I CAME TO CAMP THIS YEAR, I THOUGHT THAT POET-
RY HAD TO BE WRITTEN ENTIRELY IN WORDS OF A LANGUAGE THAT
SPRINGS FROM THE VICTORIAN PERIOD. I CONSIDERED CONTEMPORARY
POETRY TO BE RIDICULOUS AND NON-EXPRESSIVE, AND I WOULD NOT
HAVE BEEN FOUND WITH A BOOK OF IT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCE.

THE FIRST DAY OF CAMP THIS YEAR, I MET A RATHER
STARTLING, JOLLY LADY WHO READ HER OWN POETRY AND THE WORKS
OF SEVERAL OTHER POETS WITH A PASSION. I FOUND MYSELF EN-
GROSSED IN WHAT SHE WAS SAYING. I BEGAN TO REWORK SOME OF
MY OWN POETRY, AND ALTHOUGH I OBJECTED TO A LOT OF WHAT
EVA SAID, I DECIDED TO TRY IT. I NOW LOOK BACK ON MY PRE-
CAMP POETRY WITH SORROWFUL SCORN. MY RECENT WORK HAS CHANGED
FOR THE BETTER. IT IS NOW MORE IMAGISTIC AND MORE EXPRESSIVE
I HAVE EXPERIANCED A CHANGE WHICH HAS MADE WRITING MORE
PLEASING THAN EVER FOR MYSELF.

Andrew Solomon

VAGUENESS

The people gather belongings
Cigarettes
Roses
Thoughts
And seashells.
They move slowly across the sand
Dropping
And picking up.
They do not arrive
Or leave,
But continue to spread their asparagus line
Across the desert.

Andrew Wallace Solomon

Thunder melts the lightening
Into the rain,
Beating plants into the ground,
Dissecting the rocks:
And the road disappears
Beneath its rivers.

Andrew Wallace Solomon



WANDERING AMONG THE STONE

The spectators sit in stone
While the peony music flows
Between my toes
And under my fingernails.
I see them
Frozen with the passage of time;
As they are
I defy to be
Wandering among the stone.

REPRINTED FROM INTAGLIO

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CEMETERY

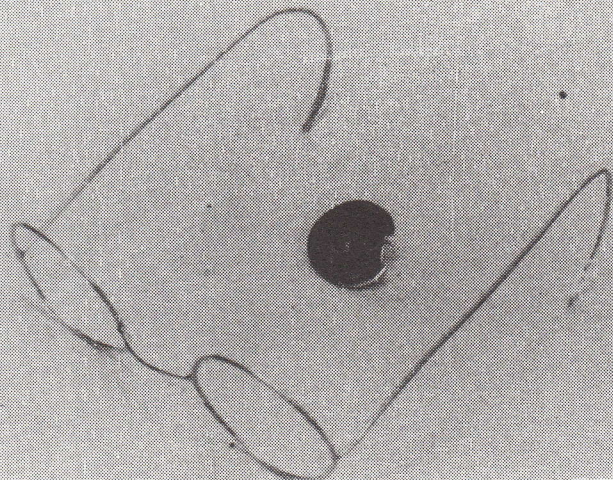
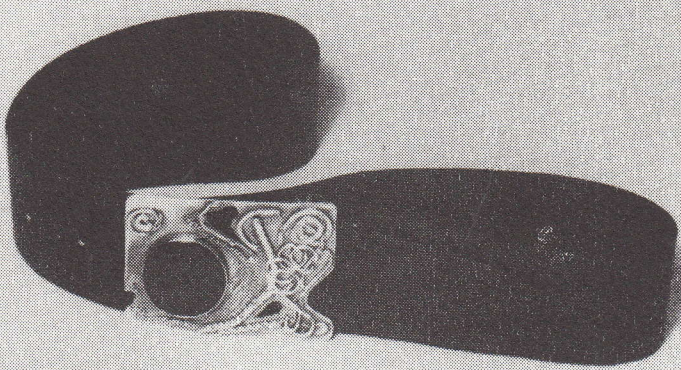
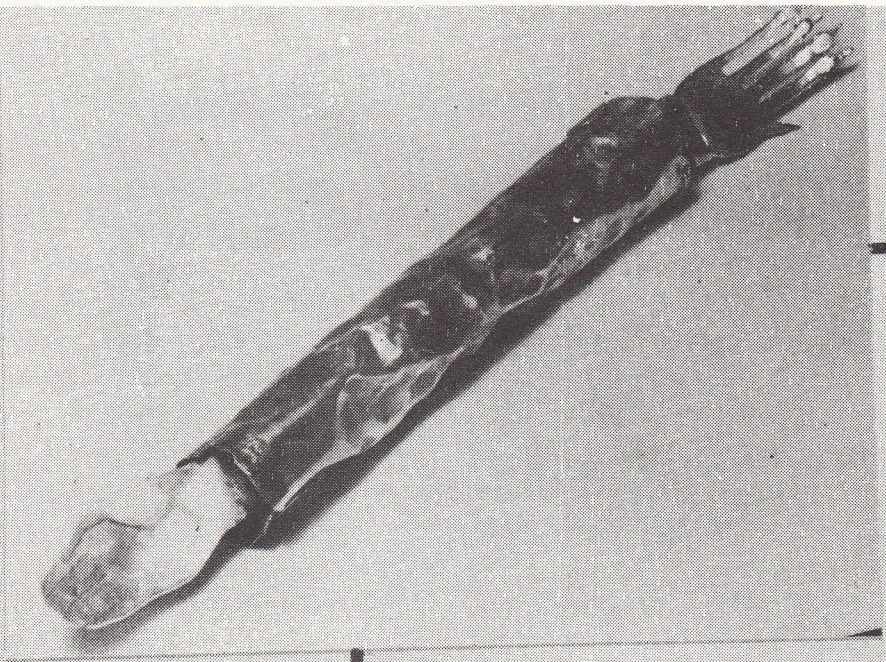
The shade bends over
Whispering to itself.
Here the grass is cool, constant.
Even the flowers grow softly by the stones
Which overshadow
The dead.

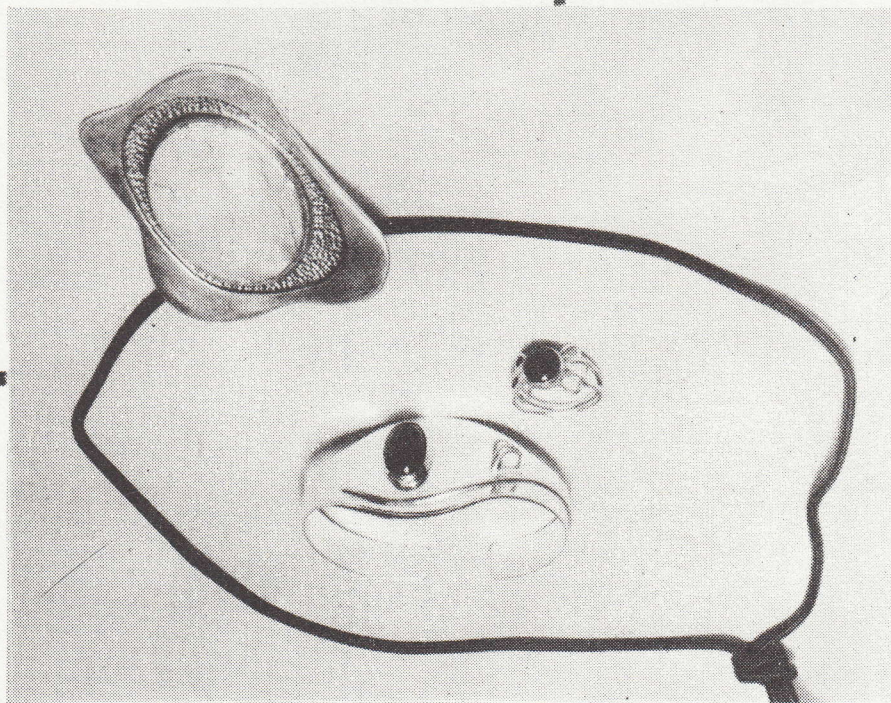
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SILVERSMITHING ENABLES ME TO USE
MY IMAGINATION AS THE BASIS FOR MY
DESIGNS. MY WORK USUALLY STARTS WITH
A BASIC IDEA. I ADD TEXTURES AND
PATTERNS AS THE PIECE PROGRESSES. I
LIKE TO MANIPULATE THE MATERIAL SLOWLY
WHICH GIVES ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO ALTER
THE DESIGN AS MY CONCEPTION OF THE
PIECE CHANGES.

Chester Roldstein

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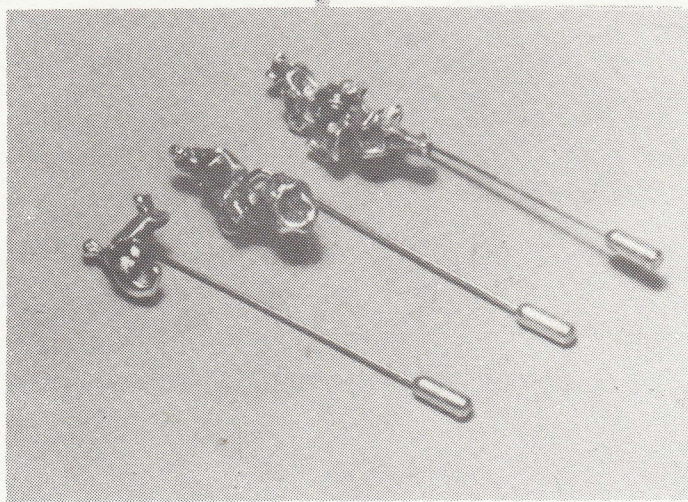
I CHOOSE METAL (SILVER, BRASS, COPPER) AS MY MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION AT BUCK'S ROCK FOR TWO REASONS. FIRST, I DON'T YET HAVE THE FACILITIES TO WORK WITH METAL OUTSIDE OF BUCK'S ROCK. AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, THE FEELING OF ACCOMPLISHMENT AFTER A FINISHED PIECE IS PLACED IN THE DISPLAY CASE IS EXHILARATING; I KNOW ALL THE MINOR CATASTROPHES I HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER, SUCH AS THE CRACKING OF A CASTED PIECE OR THE PARTIAL EXPLODING OF A FLASK WAITING TO BE CAST.

THOUGH I HAVE TROUBLE WITH MANY OF THE PROCESSES INVOLVED IN METAL WORK, SUCH AS CASTING, SWEAT SOLDERING, OR STONE SETTING, I HAVE THE WILL AND INSPIRATION TO MASTER THE SKILLS.

AS I SOLDER A PIECE FOR THE FOURTH TIME, MY FACE, HANDS, AND CLOTHES COVERED IN ROUGING COMPOUND, PLASTER INVESTMENT, AND ETCHING GROUND, I FEEL LIKE THE GLIMMERING SAPPHIRE IN MY SILVER ROLLER COASTER.

BILL KOLBER

Bill Kolber



MOVEMENTS TO MUSIC

To me, dance is a way of expressing feelings and emotions through movement. I love to dance. It's an experience, an art.

I mostly work with my sister, Abby, when I perform duets. In fact, I don't think I've ever actually worked a duet with anyone else but her. We work well together, probably better than most partners. If I suggest a very complicated movement, I only have to show her once, and she picks it up immediately and sometimes expands on it, as well. If she has an idea, we'll try it and if I feel it works, we'll use it, but if I don't agree--well, that often creates a problem. If I don't like it, and she really does, we won't throw out the movement completely. We'll try to make some sort of compromise. We usually choreograph the dance before we put it to music.

In Dance Night this year, I was involved in seven dances, two of which I choreographed; a solo, and a duet that I choreographed with Abby. My solo was entitled, "Bugle." I never dreamed I would be capable of doing a dance with only me on the huge and magical stage. Why did I attempt it? It was a challenge. Even if it was never performed, I wanted to see if I could dance a solo. I discussed my idea with Jane, the dance counselor, and she was my mentor and friend.

I decided to get my music first, and let it inspire me, instead of creating movements and then having to find appropriate music, which is what Abby and I do. To put it bluntly, I had no idea of what I wanted my dance to be like, what I wanted to portray (if anything), or any of the movements I wanted to use. Jane and I went to WBBC and brought back a few records to play at the Dance Studio. I chose one piece on a record by Billie Holiday that appealed to me. After that, it was just a matter of putting movements to music.

First, I played the music all the way through and improvised to it. I did that twice, and then I took some

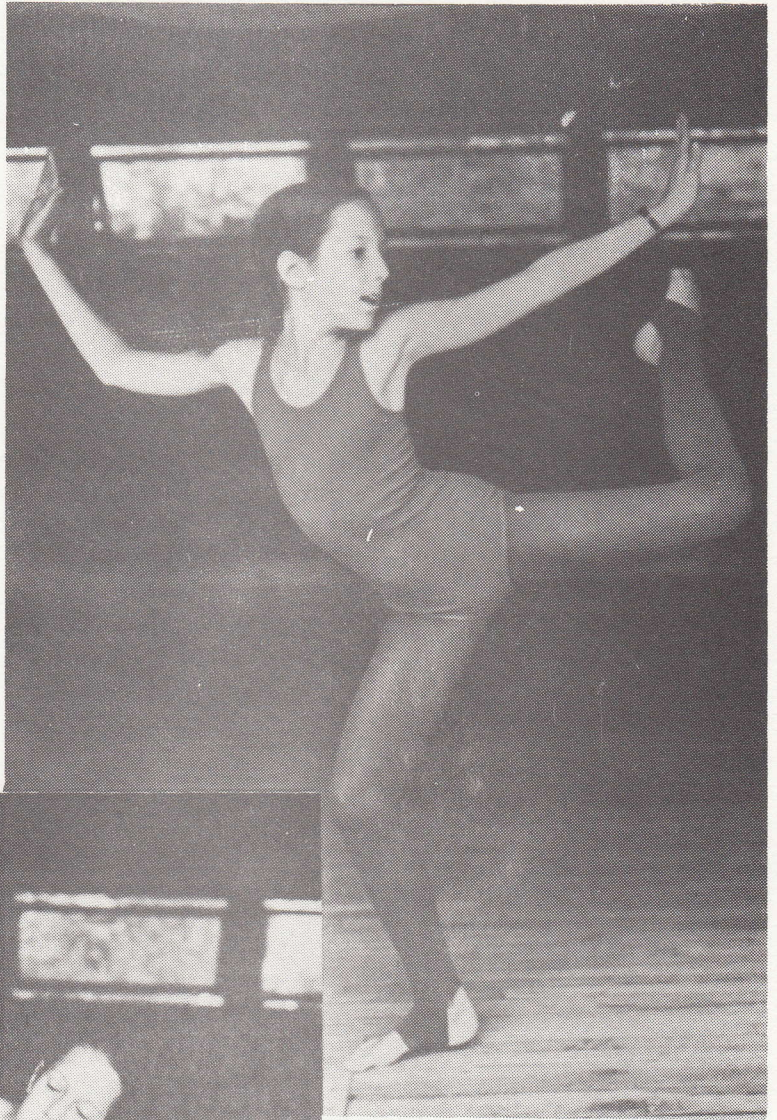
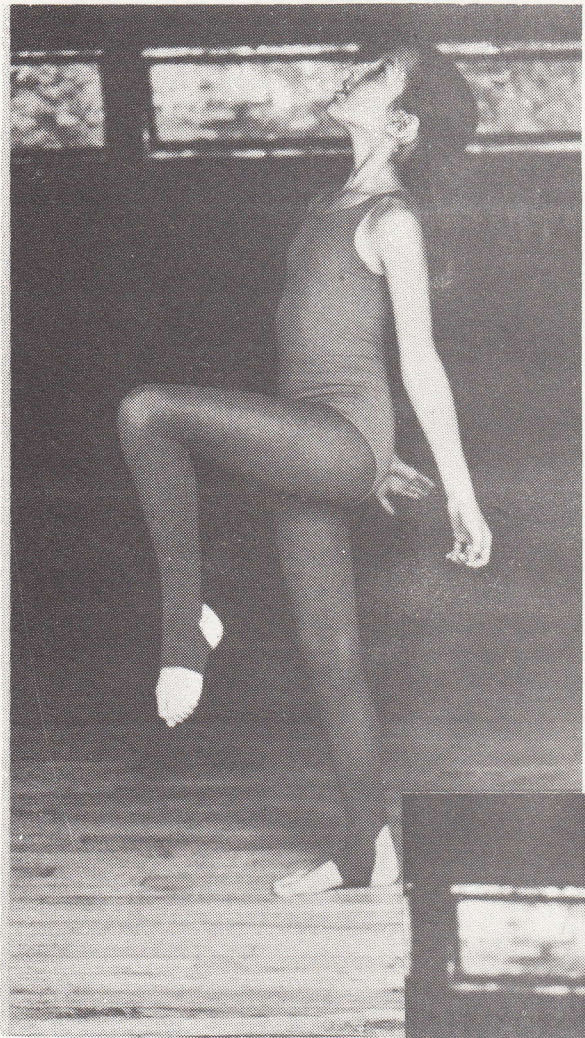
motions and tried to build on them. If they didn't seem to work, I'd just throw them out and begin again; trying different ideas, building on them, and sitting down to think and listen to the music. Sometimes, I'd simply sit in silence and organize my thoughts about where I wanted to go with this dance. Most of the ideas I tried, worked. I have to give a great deal of credit to the music, for that was surely my greatest inspiration.

I rehearsed almost every day in the Dance Studio. Sometimes, Jane would come and give me constructive criticism. I learned not to accept another person's suggestion or criticism without considering it. When you're the choreographer, nobody is the boss, but you.

The biggest reward for any performer is the performance, when you have a chance to introduce your particular style of dance to the public, to people who have come to see you. My experience has shown me that it's important to realize that if you dance and you've always wanted to choreograph, it's not impossible. It can be done, with assistance from someone more experienced, and with determination to succeed.



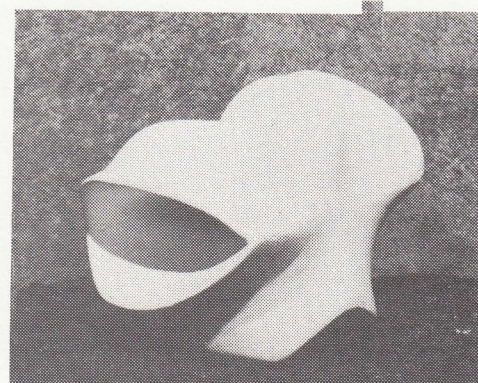
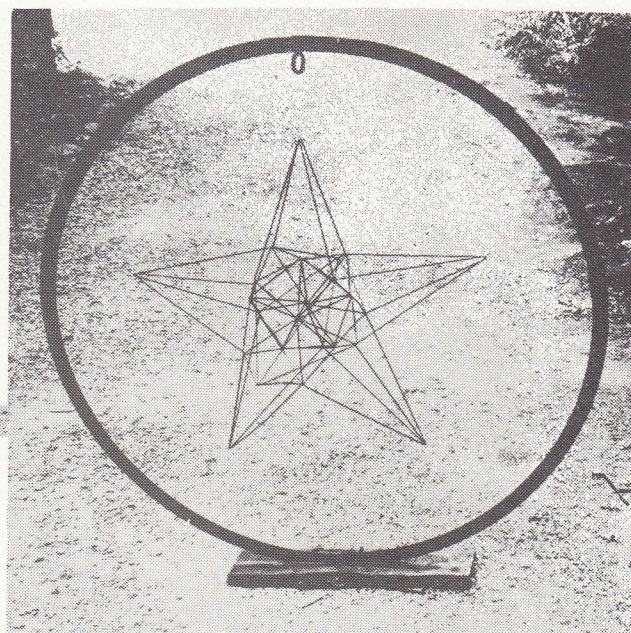
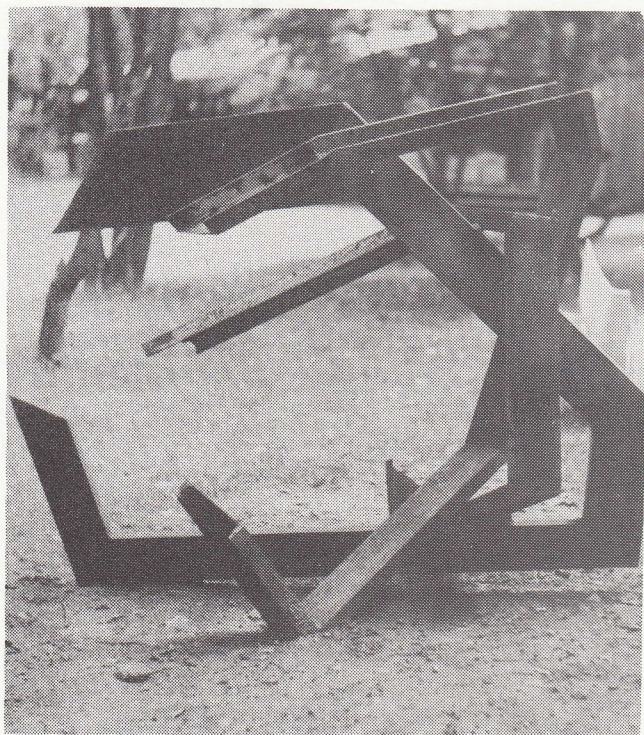
Robin Pogrebin





Working in pottery is watching the growth of a piece of clay from a simple lump into a flowing shape. This is true of throwing and handbuilding. Wheel potting should be light and nicely-shaped. In handbuilding, there is no criteria for aesthetic beauty. The pot can be anything the builder wants it to be, a sculpture or a functional pot with an interesting texture. I do both, because wheel potting demands a skill from me, while handbuilding allows more freedom of design. Both forms of pottery are an interesting way to express one's feelings through an inanimate object. This can produce not only a better understanding of oneself, but an object of beauty which reflects that understanding.

Dan Markovitz



WHEN I WENT TO SCULPTURE THIS SUMMER, THE THOUGHT OF MAKING ANY KIND OF ART DIDN'T CROSS MY MIND. I THOUGHT I WOULD MAKE "USEFUL" THINGS IN BLACKSMITHING. BUT WHEN I STARTED WORKING, I GOT CARRIED AWAY WITH THE IDEA OF MY SCULPTING. THERE WERE ABOUT THREE CONSECUTIVE WEEKS WHEN ALL I DID WAS WORK, THINK, AND TALK ART. NOW, I THINK I MIGHT HAVE INVOLVED MYSELF A LITTLE TOO DEEPLY, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT IN THE END. OVERALL, I AM REALLY PLEASED WITH THE WORK I HAVE DONE.

"SCULPTURE? ART? - IF IT DOES NOT FIT, HIT IT HARDER"

MICHAEL LEVY

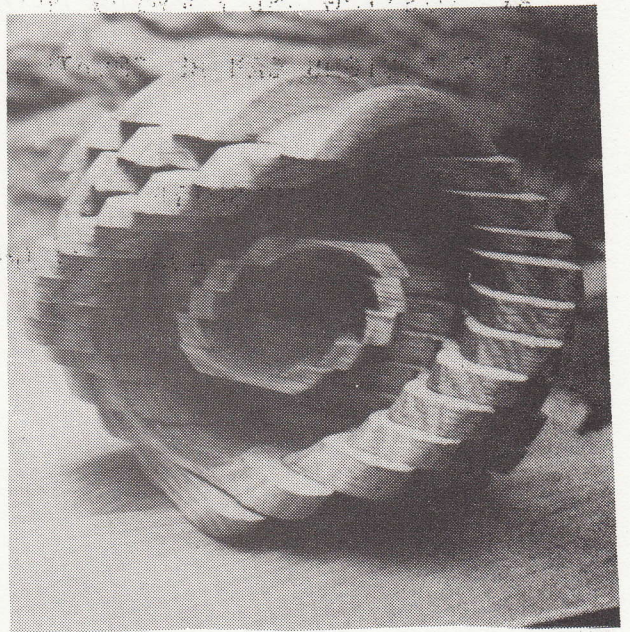
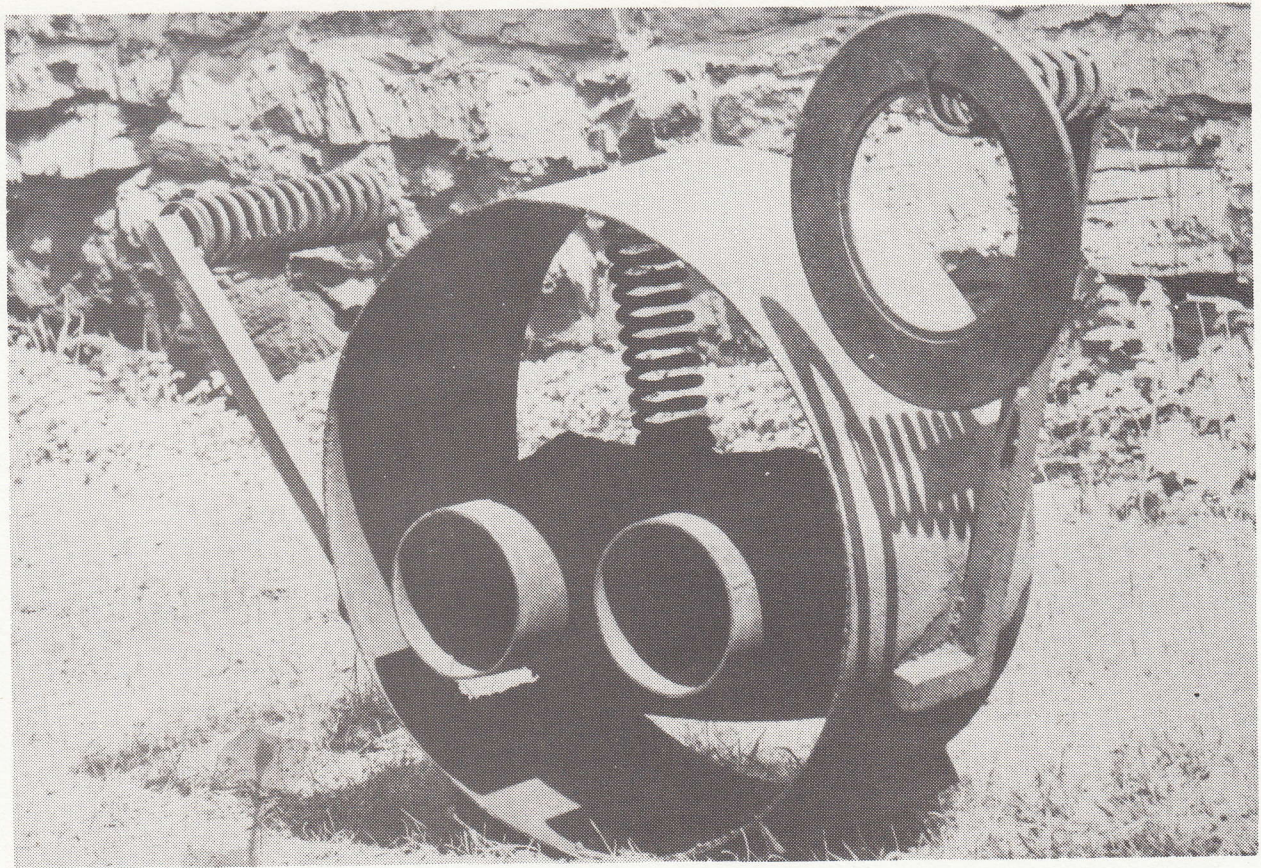


BY TWISTING AND FORGING METAL,
FLOWING DESIGNS CAN BE CREATED.

BLACKSMITH

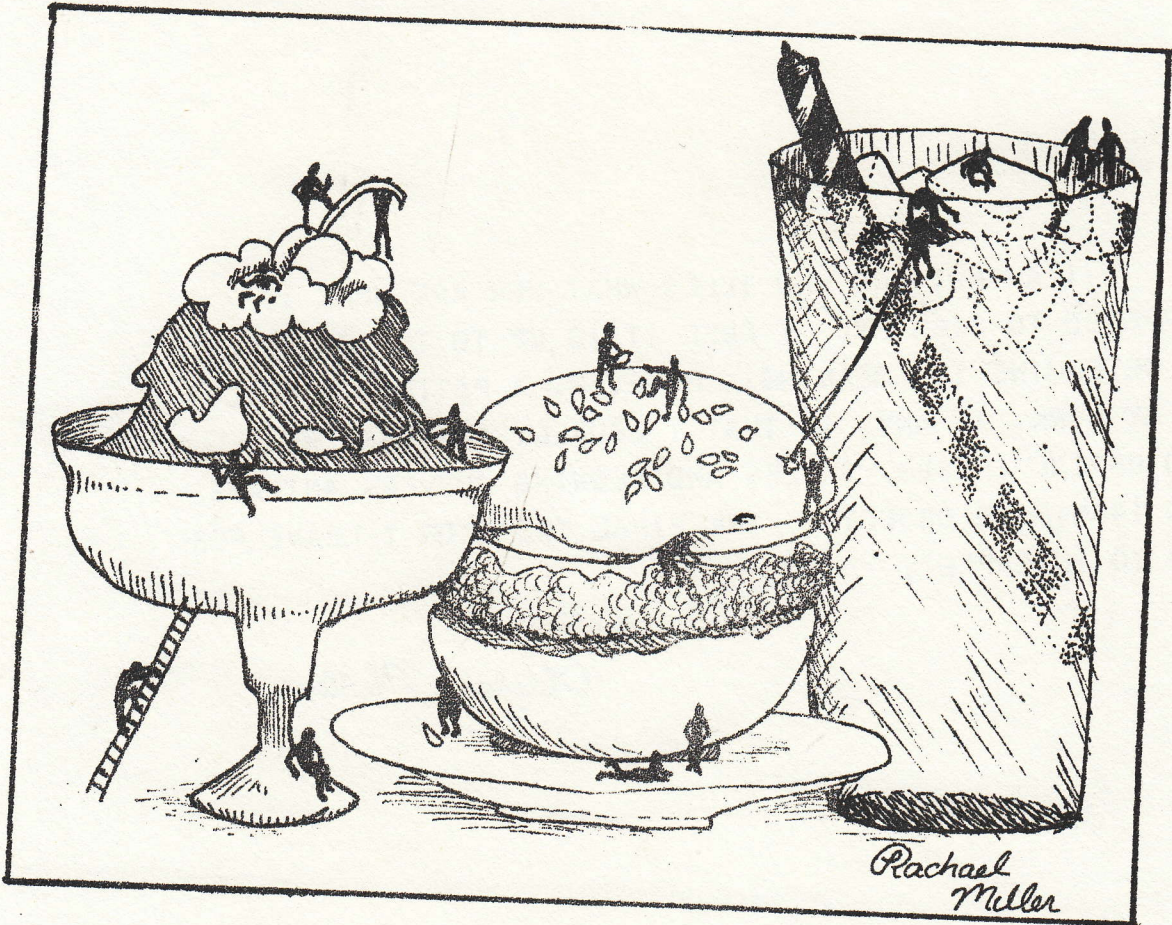
ADAM STRAUS

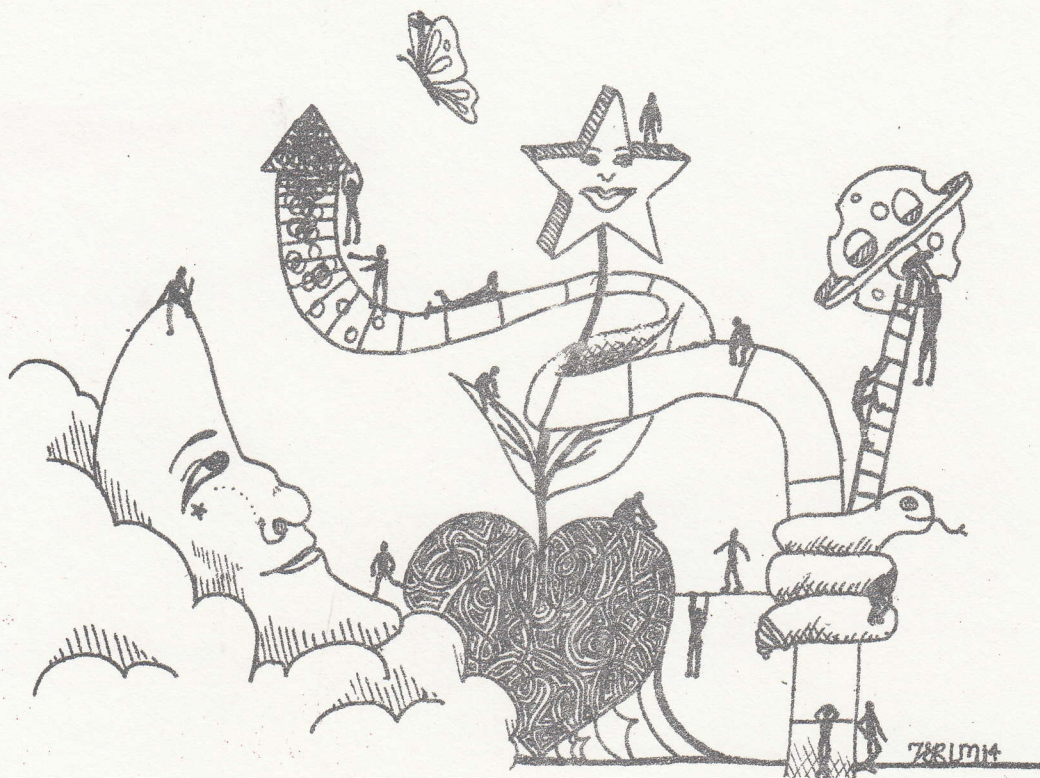




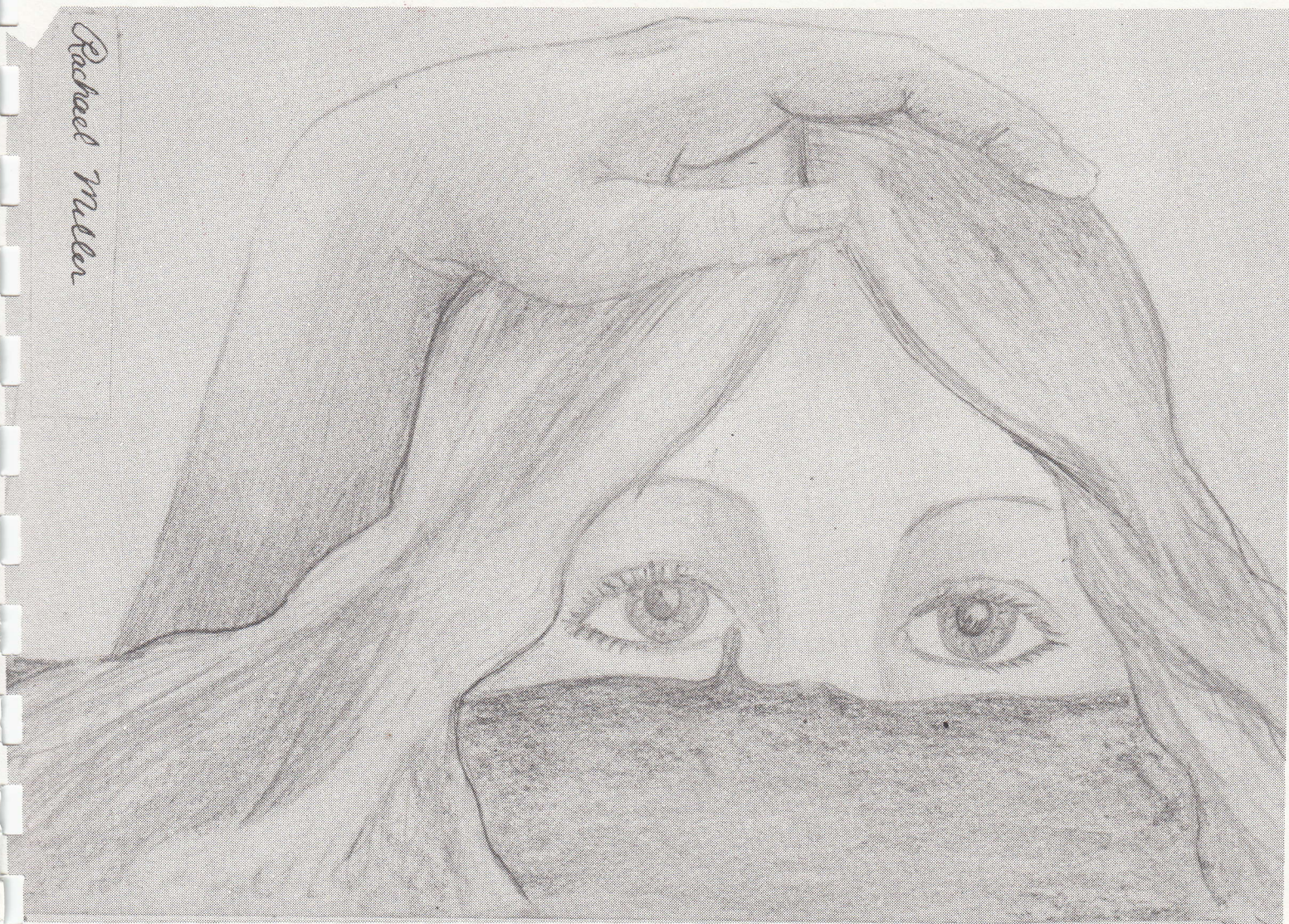
I AM NOT ONE WHO TELLS WHAT HER ART WORK IS
SUPPOSED TO SIGNIFY. I FEEL IT IS UP TO THE ONLOOKER
TO DETERMINE ITS MEANING. HOWEVER, A PATTERN I FOLLOW
IN MY WORK, IF ANY, IS THAT I USUALLY CONTRAST REAL
AND UNREAL IMAGES, ANGLES AND FLOWING CURVES, ANIMATE
AND INANIMATE OBJECTS. THE FINAL CREATION I LEAVE FOR
YOU TO INTERPRET.

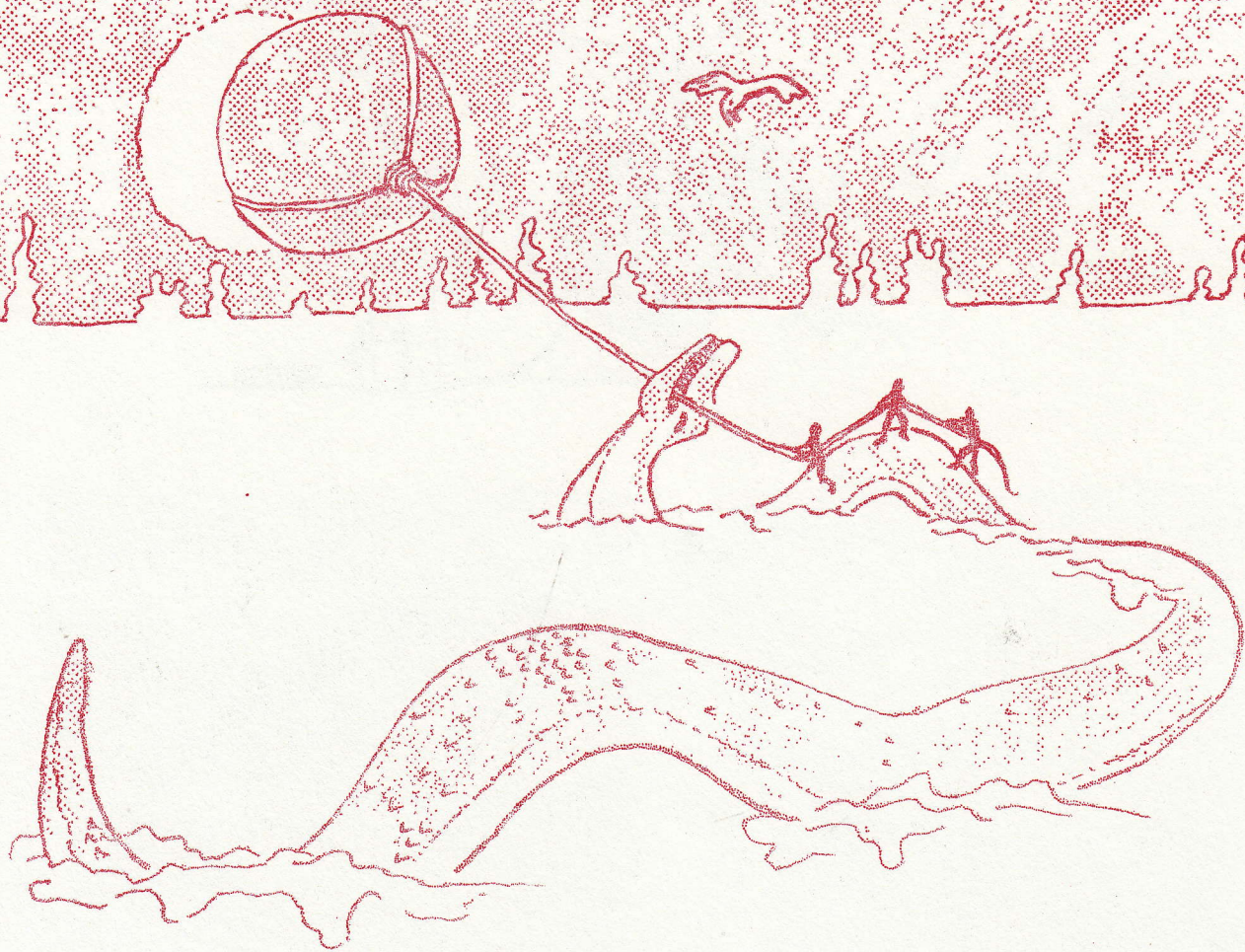
Rachael Miller





Rachael Miller



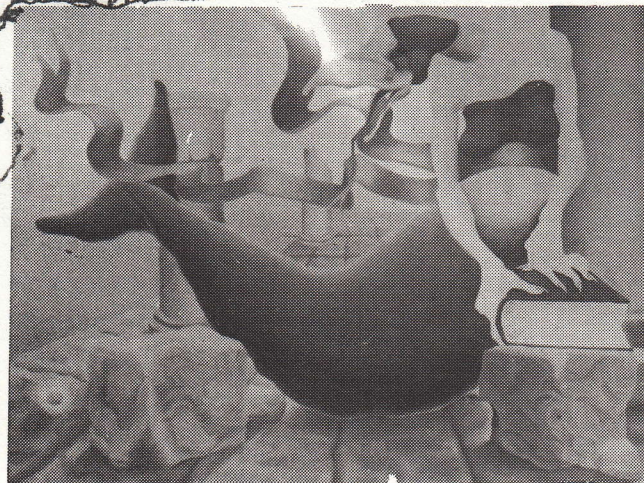


Richard Miller



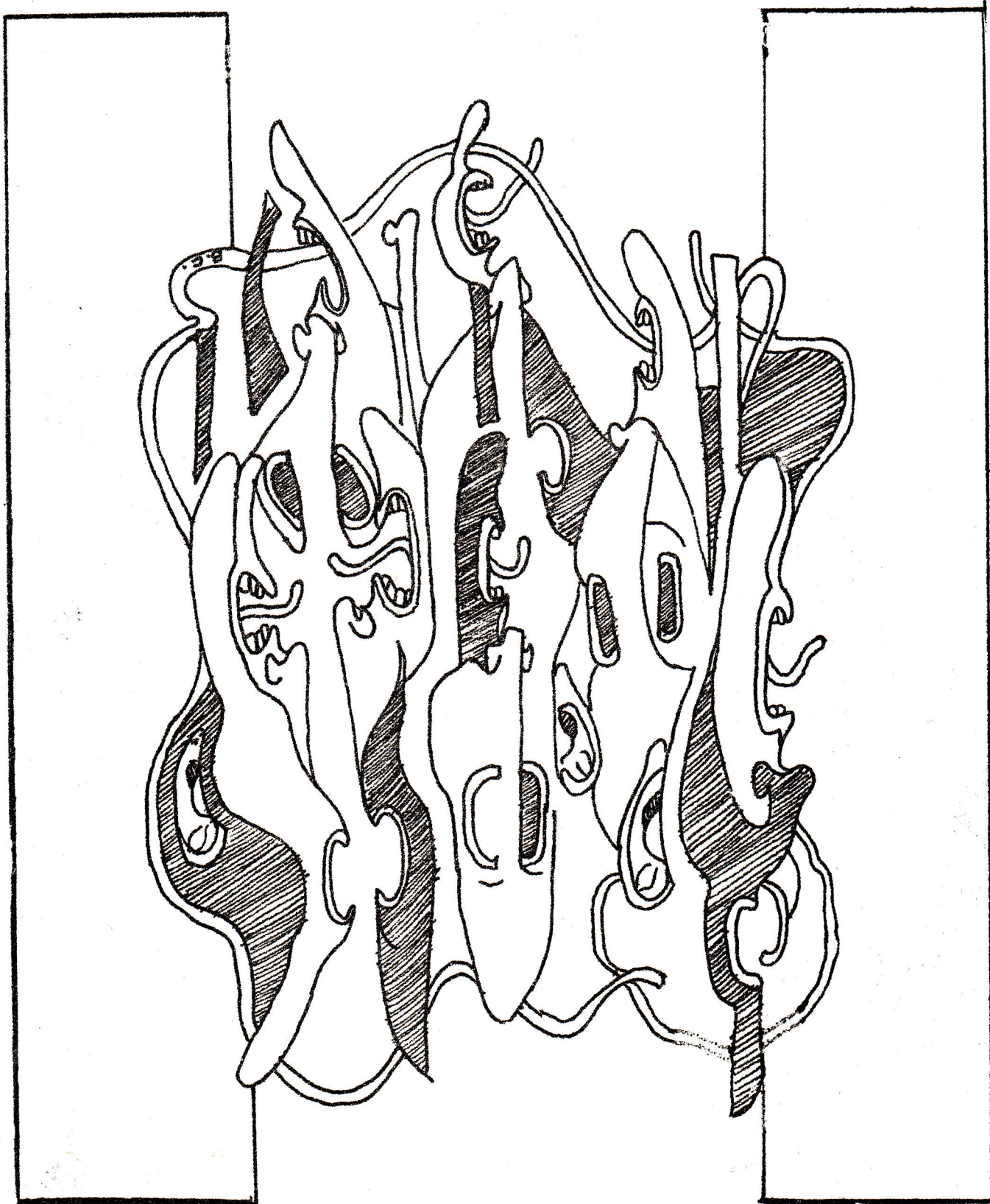
IF I KNEW WHERE MY IDEAS CAME FROM, I'D GO THERE.

KATHARINE GATES

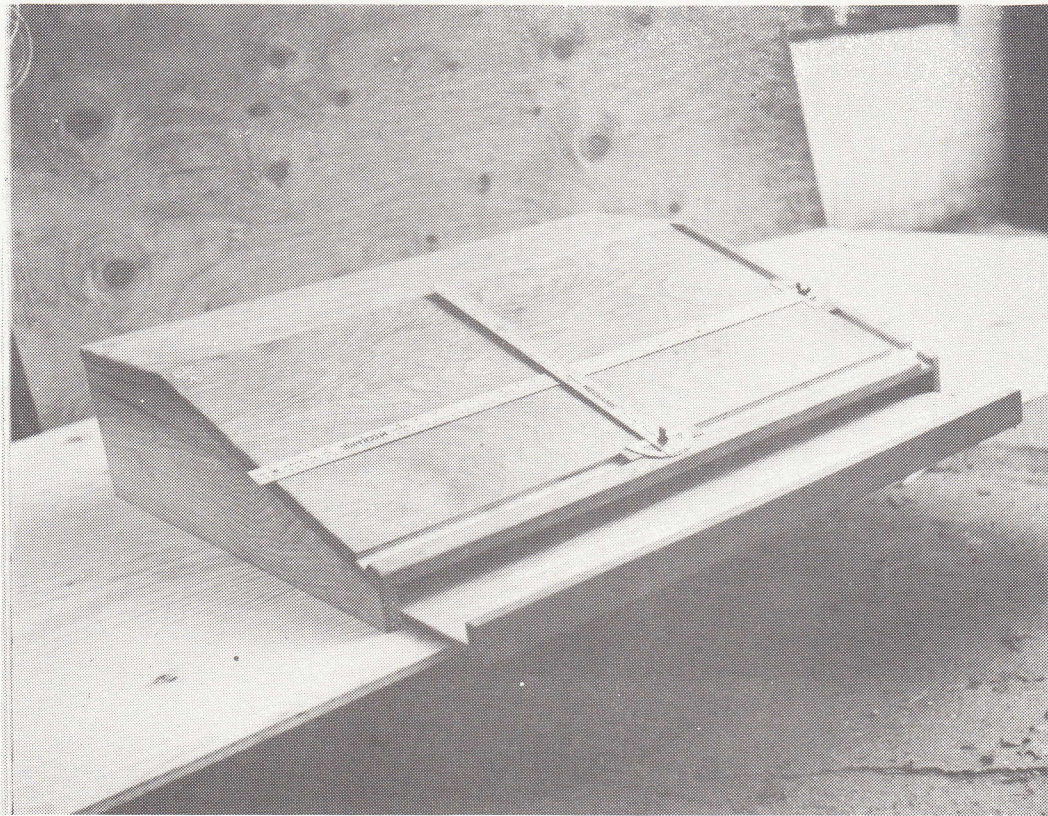


IF I KNEW WHERE BY IT WAS CALLED, I'D GO THERE!

ROTHSCHILD GATES







WOODWORKING IS AN ART WHICH HAS A HARMONY ALL ITS OWN, BLENDING PRACTICAL APPLICATION WITH AESTHETIC VALUE TO THE ARTIST'S FULLEST ABILITY. WOOD IS A PLIABLE MATERIAL, WHICH CAN BE SHAPED, CUT, BENT, OR CARVED. I USED ALL THESE TECHNIQUES IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF MY DRAFTING TABLE. THIS SUMMER I STARTED TO WORK WITH ROUGH, UNPROCESSED WOOD, DIFFERENT FROM THE WOOD I USED FOR MY TABLE, TO EXPERIMENT WITH DESIGN AND TEXTURE.

Don Kels

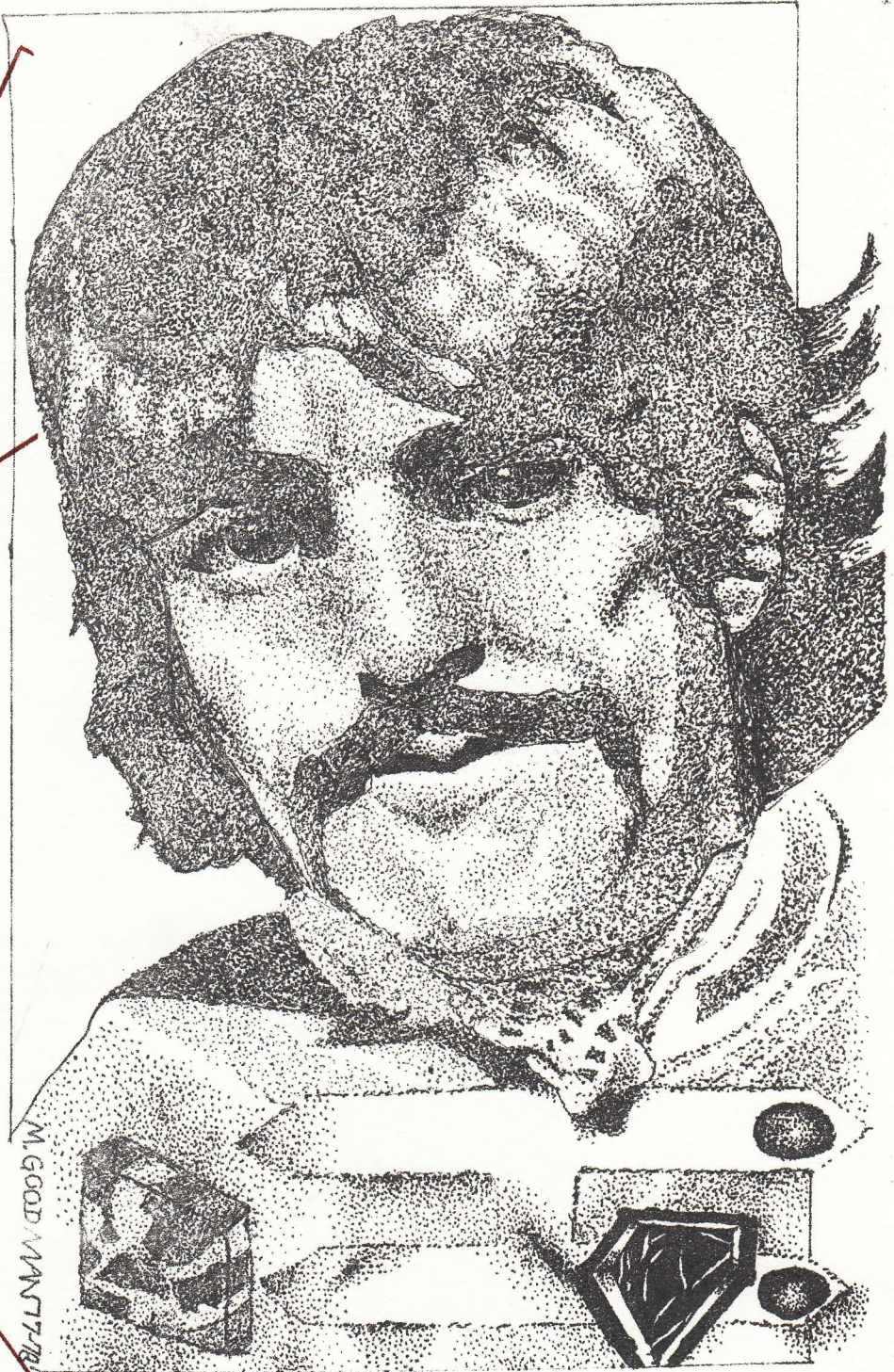
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MY SECOND YEAR AT BUCK'S ROCK, I VISITED THE WOOD SHOP. STEVE TOOK THE TIME TO TALK TO ME AND ASK ME WHAT I WANTED TO MAKE. AFTER LOOKING THROUGH SEVERAL BOOKS, I DECIDED TO CONSTRUCT A CABINET. I DREW A DESIGN AND STEVE HELPED ME FIGURE OUT THE SIZE OF THE PROJECT. WHEN I FINISHED THE CABINET, I KNEW I WANTED TO CONTINUE WORKING IN WOOD, AND STEVE GAVE ME THE CONFIDENCE I NEEDED.

MY THIRD YEAR I WANTED TO MAKE A TABLE FOR MY ROOM. STEVE AND I WORKED TOGETHER ON THE TABLE. THE MOISTURE FROM THE WOOD SHOP EFFECTED THE DRYING OF THE GLUE. WE STAYED UP UNTIL MIDNIGHT, GLUING AND SCREWING THE BASE.

THIS YEAR, MY FOURTH YEAR, I WANTED TO MAKE A CHAIR FOR THE TABLE. BY THIS TIME, I HAD ENOUGH KNOWLEDGE TO DO MOST OF THE WOODWORK MYSELF. WHEN I HAD A PROBLEM, STEVE HELPED ME SOLVE IT. EVENTUALLY, I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE MY OWN SHOP.

JEFF YOUNG



I WAS DRAWN TO ART AT A VERY EARLY AGE. BASICALLY, I WORK IN PENCIL OR PEN AND INK. TO MAKE THE DRAWINGS COME ALIVE, I WORK HEAVILY WITH DEPTH. TO CREATE THE EFFECT WITH PENCIL, I DRAW DARK AND LIGHT SHADOWS, GRADATIONS OF

GRAYS. WITH PEN AND INK, DOTS ARE USED BY VARYING THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM. I HOPE TO CONTINUE MY WORK FOR MANY YEARS.

M. GOODMAN





IN SILKSCREEN YOU CAN USE MANY TECHNIQUES. THE PROCESS CAN BE AS LONG AND DIFFICULT AS YOU MAKE IT, DEPENDING UPON THE AMOUNT OF COLORS AND THE COMPLEXITY OF YOUR IDEAS.

MY SILKSCREEN HAS FOURTEEN COLORS AND TOOK FOUR WEEKS TO COMPLETE. THE SMALLER SCREEN HAD ONLY THREE COLORS, BUT WAS MORE INTERESTING BECAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW HOW IT WOULD COME OUT, WHICH IMAGES WOULD APPEAR, AND WHICH COLORS WOULD MIX OR REMAIN THE SAME. I WOULD LIKE TO DO MORE SILKSCREENS AND IMPROVE MY TECHNIQUES.

KAREN LEWIS

Karen Lewis



EACH SUMMER IS A PROCESS

This summer brought a lot of strange weather to Buck's Rock -- from a freezing fourth of July, to the week of the 3 H's (hazy, hot, and humid), to the week of the 3 D's (dreary, damp, and dismal). Meteorologically, come to think of it, we had just about every variety of weather. And now comes your yearbook, to evoke yet another weather condition, one which we fortunately (or would you say unfortunately?) didn't have -- Summer Snow.

Your title contains a surprising juxtaposition of images. Are the contents of the yearbook being compared to snowflakes? Can snowflakes be captured and bound within the pages of a book? When was the last time New England saw a summer snow? Is summer snow a real phenomenon or an imagined one? While the title sounds pleasant enough -- Summer Snow, Summersnow, Summers now --- it does leave us somewhat unsettled and it allows each of us to read into it what he or she will. To me it suggests a soft, pure, almost spotless setting -- one that is more imagined than real. It provides us with a good example of how words can play tricks in our heads and how our heads can then play tricks with reality. But more about that later...

It was twenty years ago that Sybil and I first came to Buck's Rock, and this season marks our fifth summer as directors of the camp. Naturally, we have witnessed some changes over these years. Many of the big studios and workshops weren't here when we first arrived. Activities like silkscreening, weaving, art, publications, electronics, and costuming were around in 1959, but they operated out of much more modest facilities with much less in the way of equipment and supplies. Buildings like the Rec Hall, the Music Shed, the Dance Studio and the new Summer Theater had not yet been constructed and, for rehearsals and performances, we used the boys and girls house lounges, the lawns, the dining room, the dining room porch, and the old oak tree to a much greater extent. The philosophy of the camp, however, was the same: creativity was stressed, and, for creativity to flourish, freedom of choice was the prerequisite.

As we look back upon our years at Buck's Rock what, in fact, strikes us most dramatically is how little the philosophy and methods of the camp have changed. Despite

many shifts in the educational winds over the past two decades, Buck's Rock has remained true to its guiding principles. Nevertheless, we have heard some campers voice concern this summer that the camp now isn't what it used to be. Having examined the publications and yearbooks of summers past, some of you have concluded that conditions and attitudes then were better than they are now. It is a

feeling I can well appreciate. I remember that when I first came to Buck's Rock I would peruse the old yearbooks and wonder why the camp wasn't as serene and as tranquil as it appeared to be in those chronicles. Here I was, a creative writing counselor, struggling to teach boys and girls to write their articles and poems as effortlessly as the boys and girls of old appeared to write them. But things never went as smoothly as they seemed to go in "them good old days." There were missed deadlines, temperamental poets who protested the slightest comma change, mechanical breakdowns, intra-shop squabbles, and no end to the challenges that each day would bring. As one summer led into another I would long for a return to what I thought were "them good old days," when the camp was one harmonious landscape and a sense of community and purposefulness seemed to pervade all our efforts.

It's interesting to note that one of your favorite dances this summer was "Good Old Days," a number that harks back to the days of the "Charleston, Model A's, and nickle-odeodum." No matter how often Karl Finger played the record you seemed to want to hear and dance to it more and more. There is something compelling about the lyrics and, just as various waves of nostalgia sweep over the country, just as I used to be caught up in the yearbooks of bygone days, so did this song seem to capture your imagination. How enjoyable it is to imagine and dance to a past that appears to be free of the troubles, and doubts, and fears of the present, a past in which everyone is happy and content. Did such a past ever exist? What does it matter? We can all pretend that it did and, for a brief period of time at least, escape the challenges and the demands of the present.

What I have come to realize over the years is that "them good old days" are something we never quite appreciate until several snows have fallen over them. While we are experiencing them, their "goodness" seems to elude us and it is only in retrospect that they become something special. The truth is that each summer generates its own set of problems and concerns. Each summer is a process in itself, and struggle, disappointment, and failure are as much a part of the process as are success and fulfillment.

A yearbook attempts -- in words and pictures -- to capture the summer, to arrest it in time. In that sense, a yearbook freezes and preserves what it captures. Sometimes, however, yearbooks are inclined to record only the end products and to disregard the creative conflict that went into their production. Then, along come readers of another generation, and the yearbook releases its contents to them. The "captured snowflakes" look and sound perfect, but they just can't be expected to tell the whole story. And it would be a mistake to judge the accomplishments of your summer -- which you experienced -- against the accomplishments of summers past -- which you can only recreate in your imagination. There is always the danger that in doing so you may sell your selves and your summer short. It is true that Buck's Rock today lacks the sense of togetherness that it had during World War II. But the same is true of society as a whole. There was a singleness of purpose then, a determination to vanquish a common foe, a vision of a better tomorrow that managed to unite people and nations. However, with the end of the war came a troubled peace, an ineffective United Nations, a cold war, atomic proliferation, Korea, and Vietnam. The post-war dreams were shattered, and disillusionment and disenchantment set in. The effect on Buck's Rock was perceptible. There was a gradual movement away from community-minded endeavors and an increased concentration on self-awareness and improvement. By the early '60's the shift from group-oriented projects (like mass production of items to be sold on the selling stands) to one-of-a-kind projects, which reflected the interests and talents of individual campers, was complete. The ensuing years furthered this trend and saw campers attain ever greater sophistication in the shops of their choice.

As the decade of the '70's approaches its end, one can detect a slight change in this trend. Buck's Rock continues to encourage individuality, but many campers desire something more. Consider, for example, the outstanding accomplishments this summer in such diverse areas as the summer theater, the soccer team, the publications shop, the clown workshop, the radio station, or the vegetable farm. Those of you who chose to work in these activities (or in similar ones) did so not for personal gain or satisfaction. You worked together for a greater goal that you shared in common. Such undertakings taught you that the whole is often greater than the sum of its parts, and that the rewards derived from participating in common endeavors can be exhilarating ones.

If the current trend continues, we may see an increased involvement in group activities and a greater awareness of how interdependent we are and how essential it is for us to learn to live and work together in harmony. But Buck's Rock is not the kind of place that will ever see 100% compliance with any trend or position. We seldom reach unanimity on any issue. (That was even true, by the way, during the Vietnam War). As many people will agree with an action as will disagree with it. Each summer, there are those who love Buck's Rock with a passion as well as those who question whether they ought to return the following summer. In short, there exists here the kind of diversity that would be intolerable in a regimented, authoritarian society. What, in fact, makes us the unique institution that we are is that we can accommodate diversity without being threatened by it.

From time to time there are some who suggest that we alter this state of affairs. They feel that there are not enough rules or that campers should be required to do a minimum of community service or that there ought to be tighter "discipline" at Buck's Rock. We have resisted all such suggestions and will continue to place our trust in the integrity of the vast majority of the boys and girls who come to Buck's Rock. We hope that they come to Buck's Rock because they share our belief in the principles our camp stands for. We do not insist that they all unite behind the same goals but rather that they recognize that they are all engaged in an enterprise that has significance and meaning to them.

We know that the young people who come to Buck's Rock today are an energetic, enthusiastic, dedicated group. But one of the most serious tests many of you may have faced this summer was encountering others who sharply disagreed with you and who challenged some of your cherished habits and beliefs. Out of that experience, we hope, you learned that not everything needs to be reconciled, that it is possible to live with the incompatible. Finally, we hope that camp provided you with the chance to develop a fellow feeling, a sense of attachment to others -- a strong, warm close attachment to fellow human beings which will make it impossible for you ever again to think only in terms of your own immediate interests.

And now we, the staff of 1978, bid you farewell. We have enjoyed living and working with you this summer and we hope that you, in turn, have benefited from being at Buck's Rock. We have tried, in all our dealings, to be guided by the advice of Johann W. von Goethe, who wrote:

"Treat people as if they were what they ought to be and you can help them become what they are capable of being." We know that many of you, for the first time this summer, caught a glimpse of what you are capable of being. We wish you ample opportunities to extend this new-found knowledge in the weeks and months ahead.

Ray and Sybil



SUMMERSNOW? SUMMERSNOW!

Summersnow?

The Sun rises, breaking through the morning mists, warming us in the summer, cold in the winter skies. It is our sun. Without our sun, there would be no life, there would be no men, there would be no women, there would be no us.

Summersnow?

Could there be universes where the incompatible is compatible, where contradictions do not contradict?

Are contradictions our privilege, our blessing, our curse? Is it man only who is called upon to reconcile the irreconcilable. Is it man on this earth who is blessed and cursed with the effort to achieve the impossible? To explore the unknowable? To reach the unreachable? Is this his fate? Is he all alone with his fate?

Summersnow?

Are there summers anywhere, except on this earth? Is there snow anywhere except on this earth? There are millions of suns, millions of planets. Do they sustain life? Life as we know it? Life as we don't know it? Or is life just ours? A freak? A cosmic accident? A unique gift? An unimaginable occurrence? Is earth the center of the universe? The center that gives meaning and purpose to all existence. Or is it something tucked away on a planet circling a tenth rate star, a star amongst trillions of stars, doomed to selfdestruction? A speck of dust in one galaxy amongst millions of galaxies? Shall we ever know? We, men, we women, on a planet circling one sun, one of millions of suns?

Summersnow?

What makes our summers? The sun shines hot on a New England July day. What makes our winters? The sun lets arctic winds sweep over us out of the northern skies.

Summersnow?

The sun shines on our earth, the sun shines on us. Measuring our lives. Life on earth is good. Sunlight on the garden! The summer sun: Nourishing, nurturing, life sustaining. The summer sun: Burning, fierce, destructive. Thunder and lightning
Floods and storms. Devastation and upheaval.

Summersnow?

Is it in our power to turn summer into winter? Winter into summer? Can we dictate to the sun. Can we command the forces that surround us? Shall we ever be able to command dominion? Can we turn snow into summer? Can we? We who cannot even govern ourselves?

Summersnow?

Here we are. Millions of men, millions of women, surrounded by millions of worlds, billions of suns. We! We men, we women, we are like gods, like the suns. We, too, are sending out our rays, as if we were suns. We nourish each other, we create new lives, we nurture them. We love and sustain, we help, we feel. But here we are. We hate. We shoot and kill. Bows and arrows. Cannons and gunpowder. Bombs and fire. War and poison. The Mushroom Cloud. Jealousy and envy. Falsehood and lies.

Summersnow?

Shall we always suffer from snows that kill in the summer, from summers that release the floods of melting snow in the winter? Shall we always be caught in our contradictions? We might have a choice. We have eaten from the tree of knowledge. We know of good, we know of evil. Perhaps we can steer our course, perhaps we can be the captains of our ships, the masters of our destinies. True: We are caught between birth and death, but as long as we walk the road, bridging beginning and end, we can decide. We can nourish tenderly, love strongly, create passionately. We can also do evil, rob and deprive, inflict injury and pain, cause suffering and devastation. We can lead lives of desperation, we can lead lives of exultation.

Summersnow?

We can choose. The suns around us cannot choose. Though there are millions of suns, they are blind, burning, but dead, bound by the laws of physics and chemistry, spending their energies unconsciously and aimlessly. There are millions of men, millions of women. Vulnerable, threatened by death and injuries, accident and fate. But not blind. Endowed with eyes to see, with ears to hear, with brains to think, with hearts to feel. Growing, creating, free to spend their energies, free to decide, free to choose the road.

Summersnow?


When shall we choose the road that leads us to unity and harmony that makes life complete for all men, for all women on earth? Shall we ever? I don't know. I know we are trying. We take steps. Small steps, as the ones we took this summer, together, at Buck's Rock. Maybe eventually we reach the goals, maybe the reward lies only in the attempt.

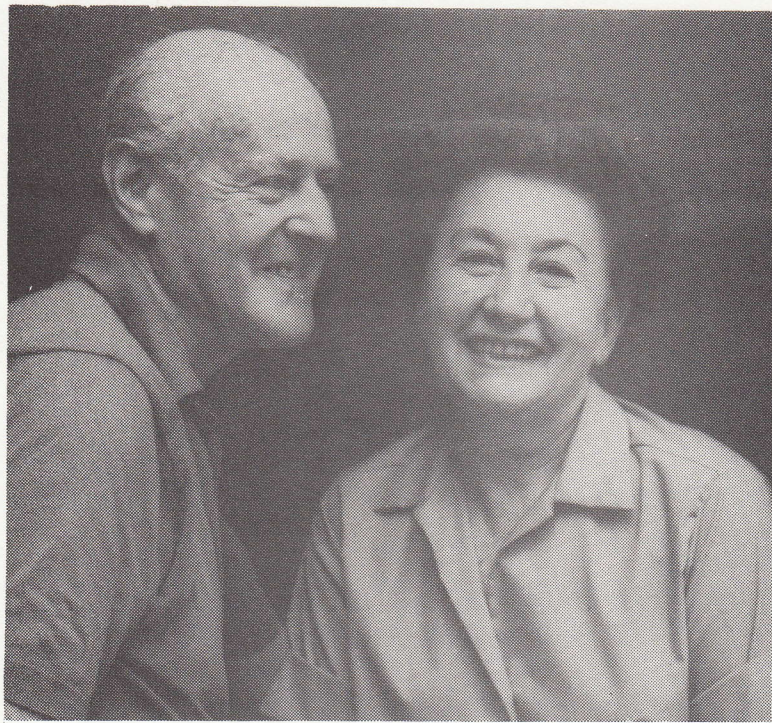
Summersnow?

Maybe it is our destiny, our fate, to try reaching the unreachable.
A proud fate, a gallant attempt, worthy of our unique role as
inhabitants of a universe that remains unaware of our existence.
Maybe we shall conquer the dividing forces amongst us and
within us. A proud goal! A gallant struggle!

Summersnow!

Man's unconquerable spirit versus insurmountable contradictions.
What proud a fate!
What gallant a struggle!

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Ernst".



Autographs

illustrious
personages

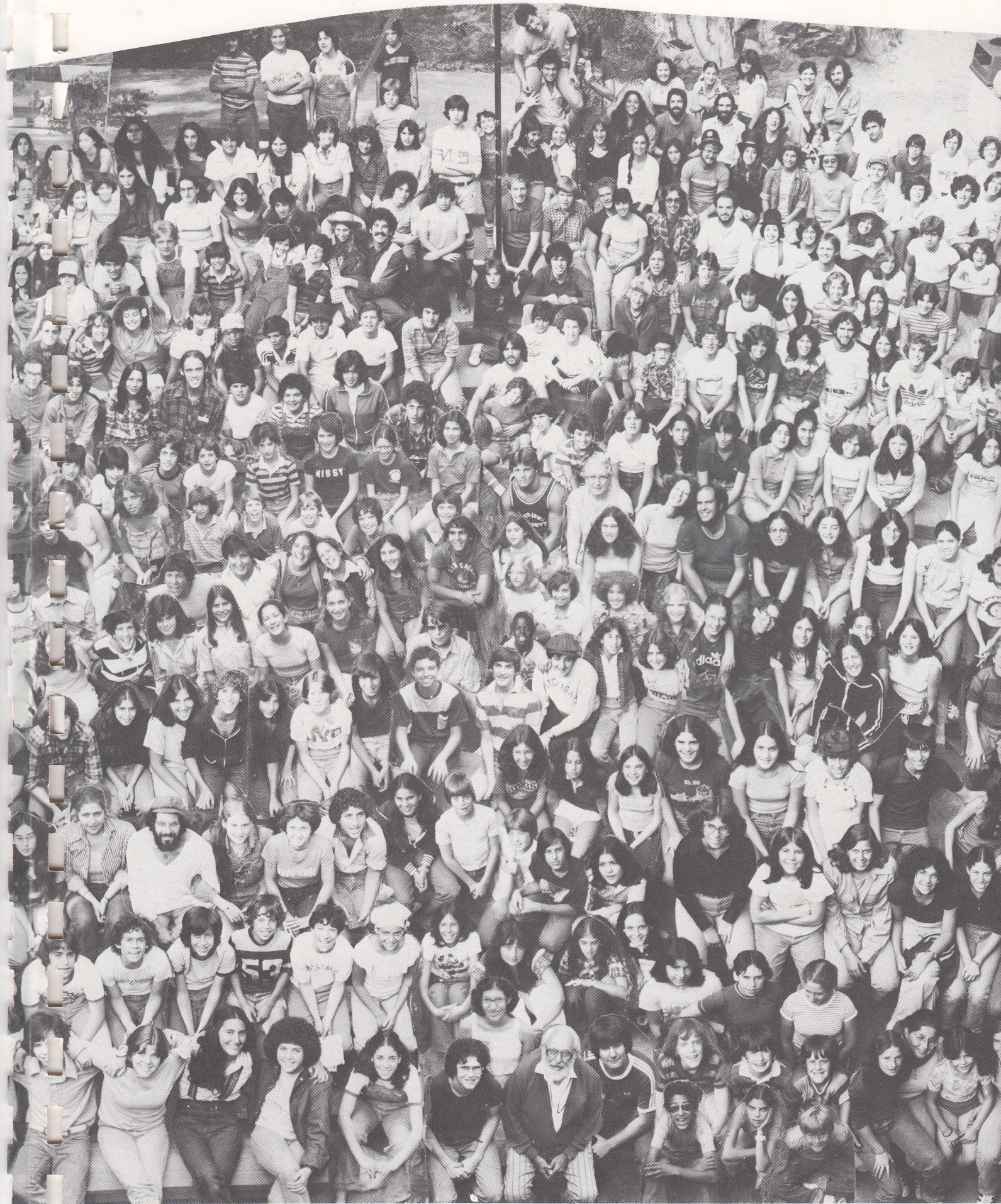


[The page contains dense, mirrored handwriting forming a border around the central blank area. The text appears to be a form of shorthand or a highly stylized script, possibly related to the 'autograph' mentioned in the header.]

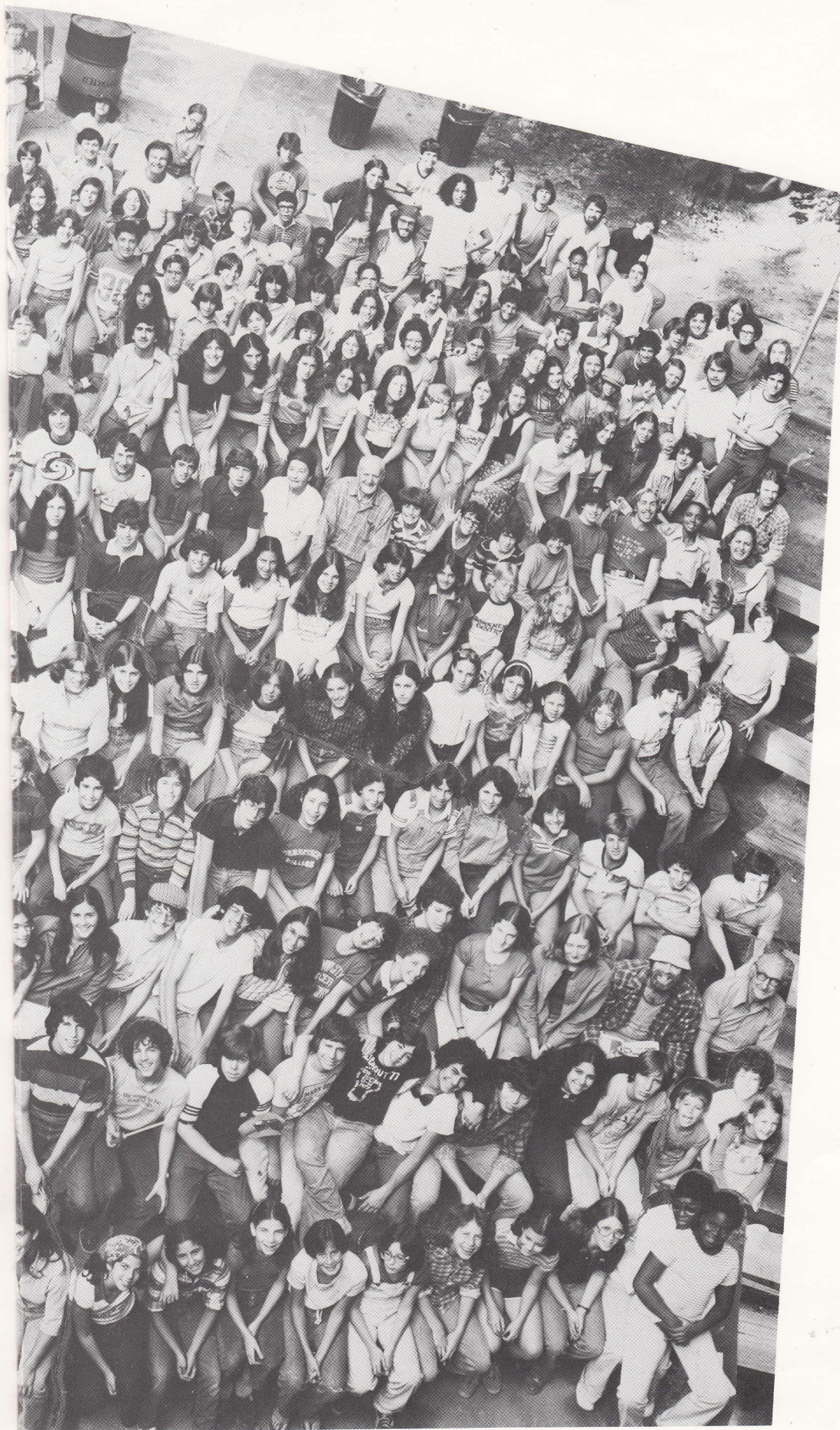




BUCK'S ROCK C

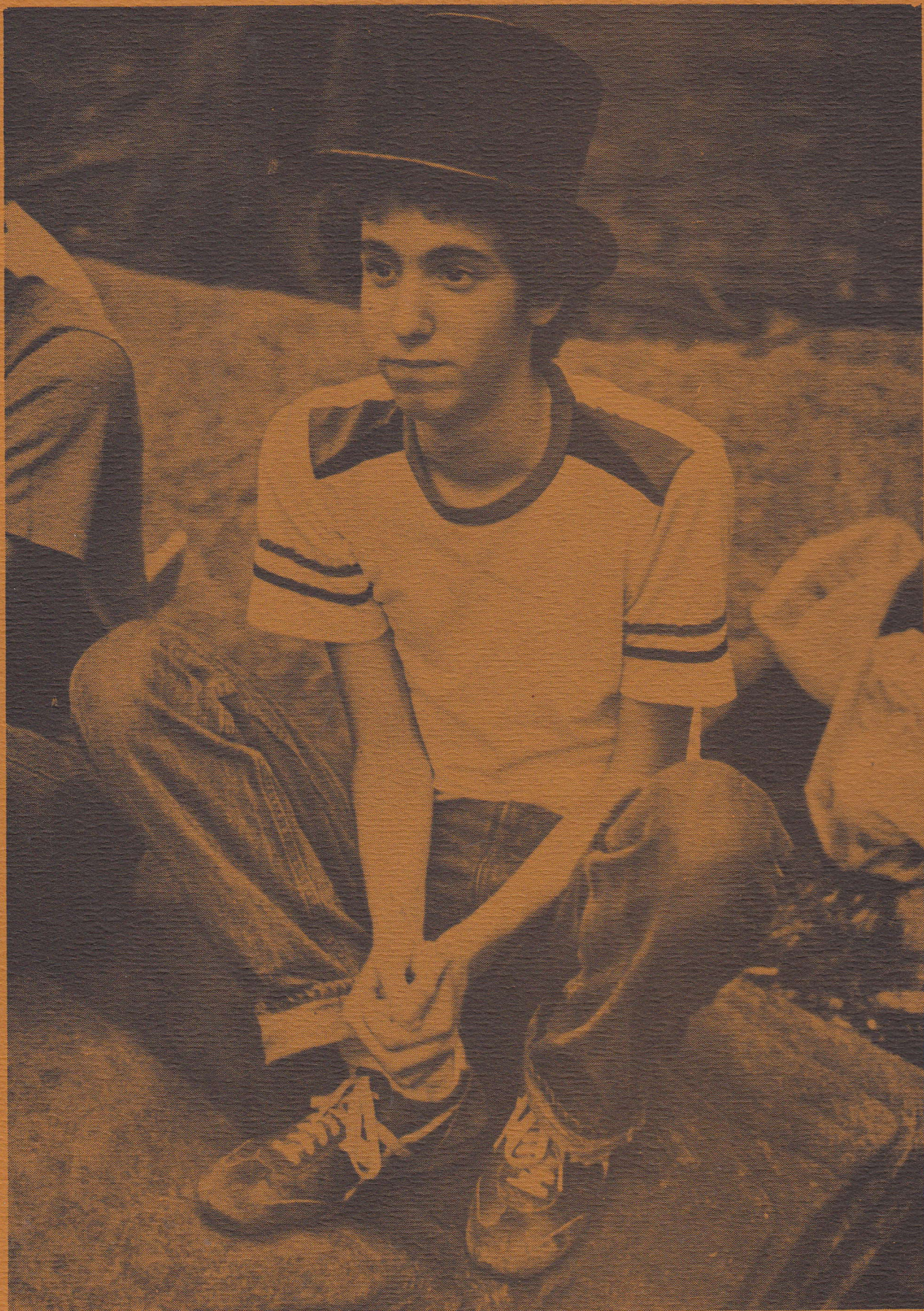


CREATIVE WORK CAMP



• SUMMER 1978

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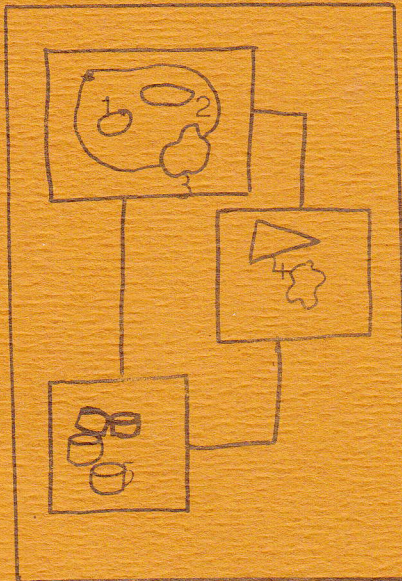
LOU SIMON FOR ALWAYS BEING THERE

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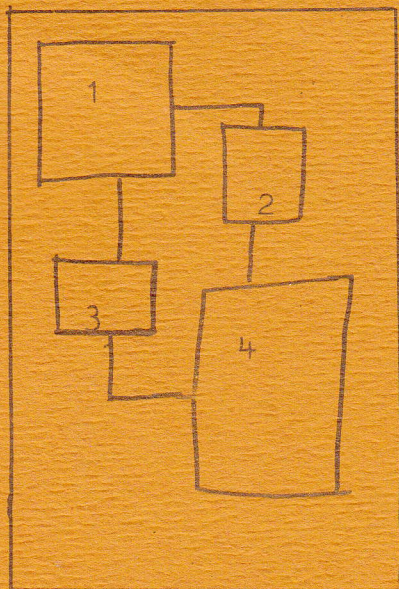
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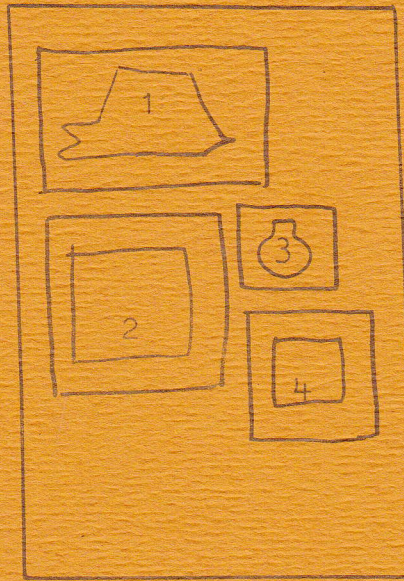
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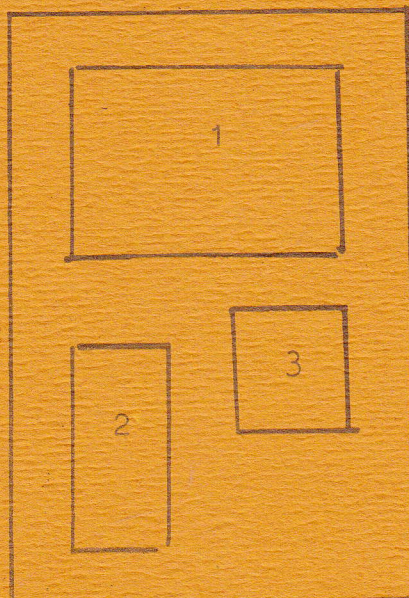
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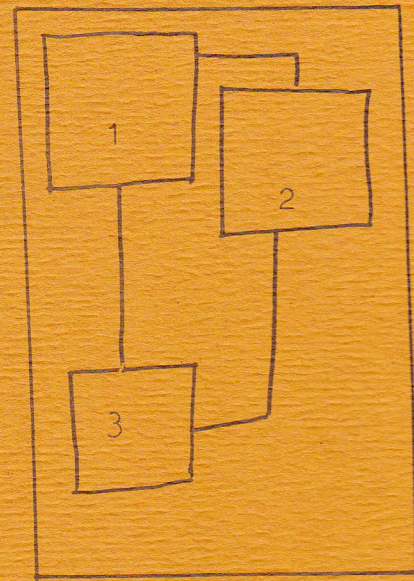
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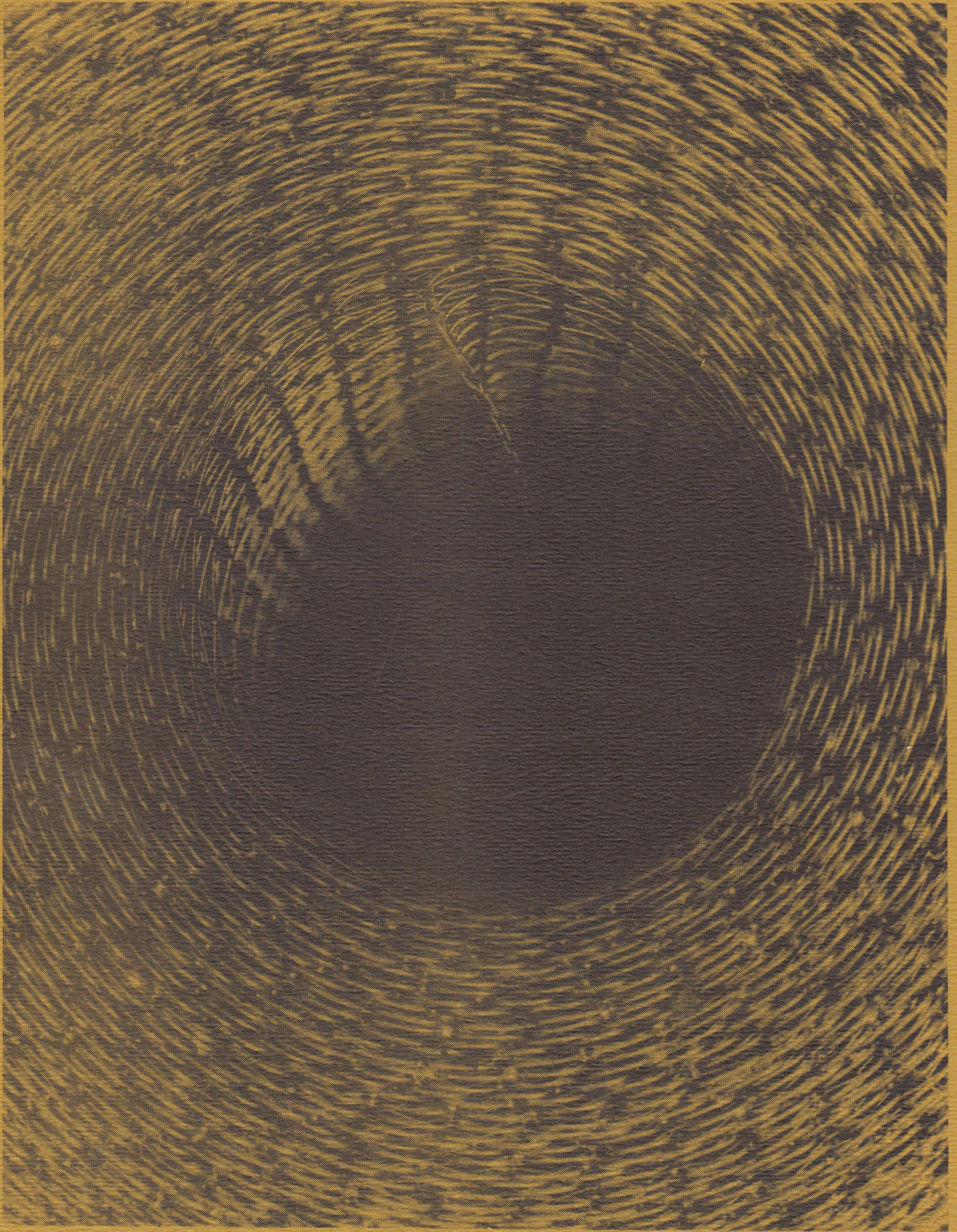
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YERKILL

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